

Martin Wray

S E N T I M E N T A L

F A B L E S.

K

Design'd chiefly for the Use of the

L A D I E S.

*Duplex libelli dos est, quod risum movet
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*

PHAEDR.

Virginibus puerisque, cano.——

HOR.

Beasts are my theme: I hold the glass;
But call no mortal Owl or As:
If conscience will apply the fiction,
What is it less than self-conviction?

FABLE XII.

BELFAST: Printed for the AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

FABLE, from the earliest ages, has appeared to the greatest and wisest of men the most eligible of all vehicles to convey instruction. No species of writing is perused with more avidity, or is more capable of furnishing rational pleasure, of improving the understanding, refining the taste, polishing the manners, and forming the heart.

The *intention* of the author of these new Fables is to inculcate the most liberal and exalted sentiments, to pourtray *virtue* in the most amiable and striking light, to strip *vice* of her alluring blandishments, paint her in her natural deformity, and point out the inextricable difficulties in which her deluded votaries must be necessarily involved.

He has labored to couch the *preceptive* sentiments in pithy and expressive terms, to adorn them with the elegance of language and harmonious versification, and at the same time, to render them sufficiently obvious, has endeavored to express them in the most easy, flowing and intelligible style.

He has attempted to affect the heart by strongly exciting the *passions*, and to gain over the judgment by connecting them with their proper objects; nor reluctantly indulged the sportings of fancy, or neglected the embellishments of wit, to captivate the gay, the young, and the polite, particularly the softer sex, for whose use and amusement most of these Fables were invented.

He has been careful to comprize hints of the utmost utility and importance in a single couplet, that

they may slide into the memory with facility, and be a warning ever ready to the mind against the fatal consequences of the least deviation from rectitude or propriety of conduct.

He flatters himself that a work of this nature will be thought worthy of encouragement by the friends of literary merit, as it has (at least) the charms of novelty to recommend it, and while it pleases the imagination and provokes innocent mirth, never loses sight of it's principal aim—to meliorate the heart; as *Phaedrus* says in the motto I have chosen.

*A double gift my works comprize,
They make you laugh, and make you wise.*

It may not be amiss to acquaint the reader, that two of the ensuing Fables are translated from Pilpay, tho' Mr. Gay has translated one from the same author, viz. The Falcon and the Hen, without any such acknowledgment—that the hints from which five more are constructed, may be found in Mr. Dodd's elegant prose collection—that the thirty-second is not *all* by the author of the rest; nor *any* of the forty-seventh.

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F A B L E XXXIII.

The LION and the HORSE.

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Young ladies should not refuse the first proper offer.

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Prudery is a mask to conceal vice or folly.

F A B L E XXXV.

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To a Prude.

The fool utters all his mind.

F A B L E XXXVI.

The DAW and the RAVEN.

To a Prate-a-pace.

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The HORSE and the SHEEP.

To a Flirt.

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The SWAN and the DUCK.

To a Slattern.

Envy is a detestable passion.

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The TURKEY and the GOOSE.

To a Gossip.

Bashfulness is the chief female ornament.

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The ROSE and TULIP.

To a forward Lady.

To teize a lover is unpardonable folly.

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The LINNET and the GOLDFINCHES.

To a Jilt.

A single state is the most miserable.

F A B L E XLII.

The PHOENIX.

To a Noviciate.

Negligence may render a wife extremely wretched.

F A B L E XLIII.

The HEN and the OWL.

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The

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The consciences of the guilty apply the most trivial hints.

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Self-conceit miscalculates the powers of the mind,
and exposes to ridicule.

F A B L E XLVI.

*The MONKEY.
To a Coxcomb.*

Travelling is of no advantage to fools.

F A B L E XLVII.

*The CUCKOO and the CROW.
To a Fop.*

The ungrateful when punished are undeserving of pity.

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*The MAN, the VIPER, and the FOX.
To my native Country.*

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F A B L E I.

The EAGLE and other BIRDS.

To his Royal Highness GEORGE, Prince
of *Wales*.

THE king that would his subjects bless,
Wisdom and virtue must possess.

'Tis not enough that learning shine
In those who'd rule by right divine;

B

To

To wear a crown tho' James was born,
The pedant monarch claims our scorn.

Nor will religion's sacred ties
To form their heart alone suffice :
The godly Charles, devoutly bred,
Yet, pious sovereign, lost his head.

Nor valor, tho' it fire the soul
To spread alarms from pole to pole :
In Richard all the hero shone ;
Beneath his sway the people groan.

The wisest prince, by passion tost,
For want of virtue may be lost :
We see the want of virtue stain
The annals of Eliza's reign.

In kings who only wish to see
Their people happy, brave and free,

(Form'd

(Form'd to protect and bless mankind)
Virtue with wisdom must be join'd.

AN Eagle died : his royal son
With loud applauses mounts the throne ;
Un-number'd wings around him sweep,
And thousands at his footstool creep :
Now from the north are hurrying seen
The hawks, who claim a distant kin :
Large flocks of vultures quick appear,
And fulsome flattery wounds his ear :
While every bird makes haste to greet
And kiss their new-made monarch's feet.

The cautious youth was much too wise
To hearken to their glozing lies.

His thoughtful head his talon prefs'd ;
For anxious cares disturb'd his breast :
Those thoughts the many millions share
Thro' all the regions of the air.

Now hawks drop distant hints of pensions,
While doves coo'd out their apprehensions ;
Daws prated of elections free,
Owls hooted, Wilkes and liberty ;
The ravens fear'd things might go further,
Then croak'd of massacres and murther ;
Rooks caw'd aloud for dissolution,
And parrots scream'd out, revolution ;
The magpies chatter'd on their part
Of bill of rights and magna chart :
The lord-mayor goose, with hideous gab'ling
Would in the royal ear be bab'ling,

And

And now the vulgar birds resort
In mobs, and his around the court.

The Chatham kite, who led the herd,
Thus first his modest suit prefer'd :
Let me, my liege, but *guide* the reins,
'Twill save you, sire, a world of pains.

The northern hawk, incens'd, replied,
Sir kite, your talents once were tried,
And prov'd you only fit to pick
The bones of each deluded chick :
You the licentious rabble taught
No more to reverence what they ought,
But, to support your sinking cause,
To scorn their king, and hate the laws :
Go, speed your flight, or you may find
You're like to leave your head behind.

Vex'd

Vex'd to the foul, the monarch rose,
His heart furcharg'd with piercing woes,
Tower'd to the sun with pinions strong,
Far from the view of all the throng;
Pensive revolv'd the strange conditions
Contain'd in all the birds petitions;
Nor could devise by gentle rules
To govern such mad clamorous fools:
Fain would he make them happy---yet
He found it past an Eagle's wit.
With him was lodg'd imperial sway,
'Twas their's submissive to obey:
Gladly he every bird would see
Skim thro' the pathless liquid free;
But as all order they neglected,
Nor his mild government respected,

They

They should not his protection share,
And vengeance prompts him not to spare.

When once compassion quits the heart,
All virtues with that guest depart :
Let pity ne'er desert thy breast,
However injur'd, scorn'd, oppress'd ;
Pity extend to all the bad,
The worst of wretches, fools, or mad.

This Eagle prince was wise, 'tis true,
And more than all his subjects knew ;
But when his mind soft pity left,
Of every virtue 'twas bereft.

And now resolv'd, with fury stung,
First on the hissing goose he sprung,
Tore off his golden chain, and then
Truss'd the fat turkey aldermen ;

While

While all the birds, with wild affright,
Fled from their savage sovereign's fight.

Since this, a mad confusion reigns
Thro' all the wide aetherial plains,
And birds of a superior power
(Like men) their fellow birds devour.

F A B L E



FABLE II.

The SCHOOL-BOY and the BUTTERFLY.

To a discontented LADY.

WHO would to youth convey in-
structions

By far-fetch'd logical deductions?

The wisest see-saw *precepts* find

A cold reception in the mind:

C

When

When truth in axioms we present,
Reluctant reason yawns assent ;
But when it's by *examples* prov'd,
Our hearts are touch'd, our passions mov'd ;
Examples draw them to the field,
And passions rouz'd to truth will yield,
And are (by mock-fights entertain'd)
In exercise of virtue train'd.

By Fables, if they're justly form'd,
The head is pleas'd, the heart is warm'd ;
No kind of writing can conduce
So much to pleasure or to use :
Are vice and folly rais'd to view ?
We scorn and we detest them too :
When awful virtue rears her head,
Our willing minds are captive led.

While

While sportive fancy plays her part,
Instruction steals upon the heart.

Attend, ye fair, the moral bard,
And wisdom shall your pains reward ;
The pleasing knowledge he imparts,
Refines your taste and forms your hearts,

Delusive hope, whom few resist !
In thee our chiefest joys consist :
A thousand times beguil'd, betray'd,
By thee our actions still are sway'd ;
We hope for happiness, yet miss
When once enjoy'd, the promis'd bliss.
Our hearts beat high in each pursuit,
At length we snatch and loathe the fruit.
It's expectation swells our hopes,
Fruition blasts the wish'd-for crops.

Whatever object we pursue,
The pleasure lasts while that's in view ;
The chase succeeds, and when obtain'd
We find 'tis but a phantom gain'd :
Again deceiv'd, again we run,
The prize is seiz'd---our joys are done.

Those who in calm contentment live,
Taste all the bliss the world can give :
Content and patience can bestow
The choicest happiness below.
In airy schemes let others toil,
Whom visionary joys beguile ;
Spur'd on by hope, consume their days
With restless care, in quest of praise :
What is the world, if well and free,
This foolish bust'ling world to thee ?

WITH

WITH busy wings th' horizon fill'd,
Which Phoebus just began to gild ;
Soft o'er the fields the western breeze
Panted and died among the trees ;
When Paddy trudg'd along the way,
That o'er the smiling meadows lay ;
To school the careless peasant hied,
With fatchel dang'ling at his side :
He trip'd along th' enamell'd plain,
With open mouth and vacant brain,
Nor could enjoy the scene so gay
Of nature in her best array ;
Nor seem'd delighted with the notes
Pour'd from the warb'lers swelling throats :

Deaf

Deaf to the pleasing thrills of song,
Heedless he gaz'd and loung'd along.

A Butterfly, lur'd by the smell,
Had fasten'd on a cowslip's bell ;
The silky film his bosom meets,
He basks in joy and sucks it's sweets.

The boy beheld with ardent eyes,
And longs to seize the gaudy prize :
He first attempts to lay it flat
Beneath the concave of his hat :
Alarm'd, the insect upwards springs,
And soars aloft on painted wings ;
But while in airy rounds it wheels,
What anxious pangs the urchin feels !
'Tis soon fatigued, and now it settles,
Mark'd by his eye, near heaps of nettles ;

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to trust his hands alone,
He's forely stung---again 'tis flown,
And o'er a hedge---without delay,
The cumb'rous satchel's cast away ;
He climbs, is scratch'd, then panting runs ;
The Fly his eager hunter shuns :
Th' expanded primrose now invites,
And on it's top the flutterer lights.

Heedless of stings and smart, the boy,
Impell'd by hope and flush'd with joy,
To snatch th' enticing object tries,
But ah ! too eager, miss'd the prize.

With disappointment stung, and pain,
The tedious chase renews again :
He flies, his face bedew'd with sweat,
And just o'erpower'd with toil and heat ;

At

At length he seiz'd the uselefs toy,
Whose mealy wings his eyes employ ;
But soon disgusted with his prey,
'Tis slighted, scorn'd, and thrown away.

Now stings and scratches make him moan ;
Fresh cause to whine---his satchel's gone :
At once of all his books he's strip'd ;
The master storms, the boy is whip'd.



FABLE III.

The DOVE and the OSTRICH.

TO a MOTHER.

IN search of bliss we vainly roam,
True happiness is found at home.
What's *new* and *strange* the mind mis-lead:
Domestic pleasures all exceed.

D.

If

If round the globe we fondly range,
Our climates, not our natures, change.
Where wild tumultuous joys abound,
Felicity is rarely found :

It's not from others we can find
What sooths, exalts, or calms the mind.

If real happiness you'd share,
Search your own breast and find it there :
Take heed that all is right within,
The mind compos'd, the conscience clean ;
In hearts where peace her influence brings,
Joy gushes from a thousand springs ;
From whence diffus'd, how fast it flows,
Wide and more wide the circle grows,
Embracing parents, children, wife,
Friends, servants, and whate'er has life :

Those

Those who are happy would bestow
Consummate bliss on all they know ;
At least alleviate every ill,
Far as they can, that others feel :
It is from joy's reciprocations,
Source of most exquisite sensations,
By making others happy, we
Ensure our own felicity :
Hence in their tender bosoms rise,
The finer feelings of the wise.

The giddy fools who others scorn,
Think for themselves alone they're born ;
Around them pain and anguish spread,
With tortur'd heart and empty head :
All that are subject to their sway,
With tremb'ling fear and hate obey :

By lordly pride are they oppress'd ?
Grief wrings the wretched master's breast.
Pride, selfishness, and folly miss
The obvious path that leads to bliss.
Oh innocence ! thou lovely mate,
Who sweetest pleasures can create ;
To sympathy and pity join'd,
With soft good-nature fill the mind :
Then, every wand'ring wish suppress'd,
Will all conflicting passions rest,
And real joy be only found
Where mutual kindnesses abound ;
While love refines and melts the soul,
Domestic comforts crown the whole.

I N eastern climes, where beasts and birds
Are never at a loss for words ;
'Mongst whom, as antient sages tell us,
Were flirts, prudes, smarts, and pretty fellows :
Asses themselves could Hebrew speak,
And foxes repartee in Greek.

'Twas there a female Ostrich rake
A tour did to a forest make,
From Indian seas ; when on the strand
Over her eggs she'd scratch'd some sand,
There to be crush'd, or ('twas all one
To her) be ripen'd by the sun.
Hearing from far a Dove, that sat
Pensive and cooing for her mate ;
Stranger, says she, why sit you there,
Whence your complaint, and what's your care?
I only

I only mourn my absent love,
My young, my care, replies the Dove.

The anxious bird she thus derides,
(Laughing as tho' she'd burst her sides)
Is all thy care confin'd to one,
And tend thy thoughts to him alone?
Because they're his, thy heart is wrung
With care to rear thy callow young:
Confinement too you're forc'd to share,
Which not a bird of taste would bear.
Learn to be wise, like me, and shake
These foolish shackles from your neck.

The Dove with indignation saw
She spurn'd at love and nature's law,
And thus rejoin'd, poor simple thing,
Whence can thy joys and comforts spring?

Idly

Idly thy moments run to waste,
Unfit connubial blifs to taste.

I'm happy---all I wish to know
Is how to make my partner fo ;
From him I meet the like return,
With mutual flames our bosoms burn :
In tender cares our young employ
Our time, and fill our hearts with joy.

But how can'st thou in thought conceive,
The raptures honest love can give ?
For surely fame, that gossip, lies,
If Ostriches are over wise.
How can domestic pleasures cheer
Them who their offspring never rear !
And those who feed on iron or wood
Have a poor taste for wholesome food.

Thus

Thus saying, she descends to teach
What fages and found casuists preach ;
In hopes a profelyte to make
Of such a libertine and rake :
When lo ! the sportsmen made a fet,
And o'er them swept the fatal net :
Together to the city brought,
The Ostrich for a fight was bought,
Confin'd for life, and tam'd by blows,
Only to furnish raree-shows.

A Turk, who heard the plaintive Dove
Mourn for her liberty and love,
Purchas'd the captive, fet her free,
Who wing'd her way to reach the tree,
Where with her young she might abide,
Close by her faithful consort's side.

F A B L E



FABLE IV.

The PHILOSOPHER and MINERVA.

To my Lady -----

IN antient times, well skill'd in rules,
 And all the learning of the schools,
 There liv'd a sage, whose prudent mind
 To meditation was resign'd,

E

Exert-

Exerting all his mental powers,
In depth of study spent his hours ;
Refin'd his soul with strength of thought,
By contemplation dearly bought.

He was by various doubts perplex'd,
Was sometimes pleas'd, but often vex'd ;
Alternate hopes and fears distress'd,
For discontent his heart possess'd ;
Reluctant yields to fate's decrees,
And envies every man he sees.

Thus to Minerva, toss'd by care,
He pours his soul in fervent prayer ;
Goddeſs of wiſdom, change my lot,
I'm wretched with fatigue of thought ;
Thou whom I've courted all my days,
Oh grant me wealth, or power, or eaſe,

Or

Or let me with the first I see
Change states, that I may happier be.

Minerva smiles and cleaves the skies,
In person stands before his eyes ;
Your wish enjoy, the blue-eyed maid
With this auxiliary said ;
What thoughts in any mind shall pass,
You'll be informed by this glass :
First view his heart, if then you seem
Desirous, you may change with him.

The glass receiv'd with bow profound,
His hopes expand, his joys abound,
His soul elate with conscious worth,
He now to Athens fallies forth.
He stop'd before the wrang'ling bar,
Demosthenes was pleading there :

His nervous reas'ning, manly sense,
Burst in a flood of eloquence :
He irritates, composes, warms,
And all the passions whirls in storms ;
With flowers of rhetoric charms the throng,
Thundering he flames and pours along.

The wise philosopher amaz'd,
With rapture heard and thought and gaz'd,
Were I this wond'rous man---but hold !
My glass shall first his breast unfold :
What was it thus his heart could move ?
Semb'lance of patriotic love ;
Well did he exercise his art,
A Philippizer in his heart :
Hypocrisy the glass reveal'd,
With sordid lust of praise conceal'd,

And

And avarice and ambition join'd,
Like vultures preying on his mind.

Save me, ye Gods, the sage exclaims,
From orator the worst of names ;
Is thus the greatest lawyer worn
By cares, by anxious passions torn ?
Disgusted, shock'd, I plainly see
The law's no science fit for me.

Then to Jove's temple bends his way,
His offering to the god to pay :
The priest, for sanctity renown'd,
Almost ador'd, he praying found :
The holy man convers'd so well
Of love coelestial, heaven and hell ;
The sage was now convinc'd that he
Must of all men the happiest be.

He

He lifts his glass---with vast surprise
Sees rankling pride and fraud and lies,
And lust of sway his heart devour
(For priests *of old* were fond of power)
And won by Philip, was pursuing
Schemes to compleat his country's ruin.

With horror struck, the sage retires,
And where Crysisippus dwells enquires,
Who tho' the richest man in Greece,
To scrape and heap yet did not cease.
He views his heart---what anxious care,
What grinding fears were pictur'd there!
Misers, he cries, are most accurs'd;
Of all I've seen his heart's the worst.

Just then to Athens Philip came,
The trumpets his approach proclaim :

Now,

Now, says the sage, I'll view delighted
Power, wealth, and honour all united.
He rais'd his glass---then found the king
Was a blind, sorry, wretched thing.

Mortals he tried in every stage,
Of every fort and every age ;
Yet while around the city ranging,
Was still deterr'd his lot from changing :
Of all the hearts he could survey,
Much happier found himself than they :
Confus'd, abash'd, and pitying men,
He flies to solitude again.

Pallas once more in form appears,
And thus his drooping spirit cheers ;

Learn, my philosopher, to know
How vain is all external show :

It is not honor, power, or wealth
Give happiness, or ease, or health;
Felicity you'll only find
Lodg'd in the calmness of the mind:
No outward things can furnish this;
Contented mortals live in bliss.

Would you your own condition shun,
Still into greater ills you run:
For wisdom needs no glass to see
You may than others easier be:
But if you would be blest below,
'Tis your own heart must make you so;
For every joy for man design'd,
Springs from it's source within the mind.

F A B L E



FABLE V.

The FOX and the KID.

To a young LADY.

FROM friends, it is both just and decent,

We now and then receive a present ;

But diamond necklace, ring, or locket

Agree not with a poet's pocket :

F

How

How pertly every blockhead glances
At the poor jing'ling wight's finances ?
True, 'tis not verse will load his coffers ;
But you'll accept of what he offers.
So take his rhymes, in which you'll find
Some jewels to adorn your mind.

From pride our worst misfortunes flow,
Believe the bard that tells you so,
And shews how easy 'tis to cheat
The heart that's puff'd with self-conceit.
Such nymphs, (if any such there be)
Who still indulge to vanity,
Disdain as rude the honest youth,
Who durst offend their ears with truth ;
Far from the paths of wisdom stray,
And fall the wily flatterer's prey.

But

But why, my fair, that solemn brow ?
I've done with rusty morals now :
Attend my tale---Some time ago,
Perhaps ten thousand years, or so,
When every bird and beast of parts
Spoke well, and learn'd the liberal arts,

A Kid of pure patrician blood,
Rang'd by the margin of a flood,
And as the dancing image plays,
With pride elate his form surveys ;
Enraptur'd cries, this shape and air
Were form'd to please and charm the fair :
So nobly born, so nobly bred,
So sound my heart, so clear my head,

Indulgent nature ! can'st thou show
Equal perfection here below ?

In martial powers, must all agree,
No man or beast can equal me ;
The lordly bull, when I appear,
Spurns the loose sand and flies for fear :
In every science I excel,
And where's the bird can sing so well ?
Then thinks a pennon, moves each limb,
Frisks, skips, bounds, capers ; who like him ?

A Fox, who from a neighb'ring brake,
Listen'd to all the coxcomb spake,
Crawl'd from his cover, peep'd around,
And softly stole along the ground,
Swept o'er the plain unnotic'd, till
He met him scamp'ring cross the hill ;

Then

Then stop'd---and cringing with grimaces,
As courtiers use who seek for places,
He thus accosts the sportive Kid---

Where was so long such beauty hid?
Thou matchless youth! with awe I gaze,
Nor saw thy like in all my days;
And those expressive eyes declare
Thy wit is as thy person rare:
Such harmony of shape and mien
Disclose the glorious soul within.
Oft have I heard this mountain ring
With tunes as sweet as angels sing;
Sure 'twas thy voice---I long to hear
Such music vibrate on my ear.

Sir Fox, the tickled Kid replies,
It's very true you pass for wise,

Not

Nor any want of breeding show,
Tho' us'd to company that's low ;
You're therefore by mamma forbid
T'associate with her favorite Kid :
You for my friendship are not fit,
Altho' you've taste as well as wit.
Yet want of courtesy were wrong,
So I'll indulge you with a song.
He stroak'd his beard, and, fill'd with glee,
Sung " Water parted from the sea."

Oh what melodious sounds are these,
Cries Reynard, thou art form'd to please ;
I'm ravish'd : what a pipe is thine !
So soft, so sweet, so all divine :
The thrillings of a voice like this
Shed extasy and heav'nly blifs.

Think

Think not---your honor, I intrude,
I'm honest, but would not be rude :
Handel and Claget both advise
That all good fingers shut their eyes ;
For if a quaver should be long,
It saves their sight and helps their song.
'Tis for this cause men blind the lark,
And Philomela loves the dark :
How this will aid your honor's tune,
Experience will convince you soon.

Right, says the Kid, and hems amain,
And then begins to sing again ;
But while he wink'd to swell his note,
The crafty felon seiz'd his throat.

4.

C



FABLE VI.

The HOG and the GOAT.

TO A DRUNKARD.

WE justly boast of reason's art
 To humanize and form the heart;
 So long as she with skill maintains
 Her seat, and cautious guides the reins,

G

They

They must be held and pretty tightly,
Then will all matters go on rightly.
When once the passions mount and steer,
They headlong cast their charioteer ;
To vice they rush with fury down,
While all is topsy turvy thrown :
They're blind and mad and poor at best ;
When beggars ride---you know the rest.

Those in a boat with *sparing* fail,
Fly swift and safe before the gale ;
To loose the *whole* should pride besot 'em,
Down goes the mast, up turns her bottom.

Our appetites, to serve design'd,
Are useful to the ruling mind ;
Uncheck'd, are of all good the blasters,
Like fire or water, scurvy masters.

TWO loving friends, a Hog and Goat,
Did on each other fondly doat ;
From morn to ev'ning often fat,
Delighted with each other's chat :
Sometimes high season'd toasts would give,
Determin'd while they liv'd to live :
Now all they wish and want, like fishes
They drank, with all their wanton wishes.

The bearded chief would oft express
His fondness for the female race ;
Swearing his venerable figure
Was gallant proof of strength and vigor :
He nothing felt that should forbid
The frisks and capers of a kid :
With smut instead of wit and fancy,
Then talk'd obscenely of his Nancy.

Hog shook his sides and stretch'd his thr
In grunting an applausive note ;
While in his turn he made his boast
Of beer he in his paunch had tofs'd
What gallons at a time he'd swill'd,
Which twenty other Hogs had kill'd ;
And swore there was no Hog that cou'd
Drink half so much before he spew'd.

So have I seen two human elves
In these achievements pride themselves ;
Such toasts in mutual bumpers dealing,
Dead to all sense of shame and feeling,
With bawdry make the table roar,
Sing, drink, swear, puke and kiss the floor.

The Hog was not so void of thinking
To force his friend in tasks of drinking ;

Content,

Content, in troughs of wash when falling,
The Goat with whey-face, milk-fop, calling :
Who rallied in his turn the Hog,
As an unwieldy useless log,
So oft by liquor out of sorts,
Unfit for love or love's disports.
You'd find, says he, that every sage
In every nation, every age,
Confessing frankly, had you known 'em,
That pleasure is the summum bonum.
Horace declares himself, indeed,
A pig of Epicurus' breed ;
Yet was the merriest wag alive,
With many a wench at fifty-five.

Ay, quoth the Hog, but Aristotle
And all the antients lov'd their bottle,

Ca-

Carowling, quaffing without measure,
In this consisted all their pleasure ;
Instead of wort, they tippled wine,
Not happy 'till as drunk as swine :
Like us, their charming must they swallow'd,
And in the mire slept, snor'd, and wallow'd.

Some men, like you, are fond of punk,
While others gloriously get drunk :
By acting thus, men plainly show,
That they no higher joys can know.

Thus saying, he ascends the trough,
In which were smoaking grains enough ;
Gorg'd with the heady food, he feels
His head turn round ; he walks, he reels,
Stagg'ring he strives to run, but falls,
For lo ! the Goat for succor calls :

He

He saw with swimming eyes and rage,
A stronger Goat his friend engage ;
With clattering horns, and leaps on high,
To pound each other's skulls they try :
The stranger Goat is bent on slaughter,
In vengeance for his injur'd daughter.

The Hog beheld his darling mate
Just tottering on the brink of fate ;
He heard the plaintive tone confess
Keen anguish, fear, and deep distress :
He saw with pain, he hear'd with grief,
And fain would fly to his relief ;
He stumbles on, each object spies
As double dance before his eyes :
At length arriv'd, with fury throws
Himself between the mad'ning foes :

So

So blindly drunk, he seiz'd the Goat,
His hapless friend, and tore his throat.

Then thus the other Goat address'd
The tumb'ling Hog, with fumes oppress'd,
What friendship's shewn, I plainly see,
By all such drunken swabs as thee ;
If well you mean, when liquor rules,
It makes you mad and makes you fools.
So wisely you have ended strife,
'Twould kindness be to take your life :
But live to feel the cruel stings,
And constant smart repentance brings.
A drunkard nothing can reclaim,
Not sense of honor, virtue, shame ;
But must, a prey to melancholy,
First feel, before he sees his folly.



FABLE VII.

The HEN and the PHEASANT.

TO a COQUET.

THE grove with tuneful echoes rung,
 While thus the bard of Celia sung.
 Whene'er she lifts her radiant eyes,
 The clouds dissolve, and quit the skies;
 The darts she scatters from that face
 Might murder the whole human race.

H

From

From all the flowers no insect sips
Such sweets as play around her lips ;
Nor breeze from Araby the blest
Can waft such odors as her breast :
She breathes perfumes from every part,
And every feature fires the heart.
All nature's charms and graces join'd,
To form her person and her mind.

She walks---the cowslips, violets meet,
And bloom beneath her ivory feet ;
The little songsters swell their throats,
And thrill their most harmonious notes ;
While Phoebus shot a sportive beam
That danc'd and play'd along the stream,
Which murm'ring, not near her to stay,
Just kiss'd it's banks and roll'd away.

Surely

Surely the gods, if gods had eyes,
Would quit their nectar and their skies,
To see the fair her charms display,
Whose smiles make all the world so gay.

In vain his songs invade her ear,
In vain he drop'd the trick'ling tear ;
Another swain, who sigh'd so strong,
He blew a settlement along ;
And then the love she once profess'd,
She frankly own'd was all a jest.

A Hen of beauty, taste and parts,
No stranger to domestic arts,
Yet would indulge capricious airs,
And trifle with her suitors cares,

One (whom in secret she approv'd)
Sigh'd, languish'd, and with ardor lov'd :
With him she'd flirt, coquet and parley,
Receive his proffer'd grains of barley,
And when his suit he warmly press'd,
Would sometimes strain him to her breast,
Attend him to the limpid springs,
And sigh unutterable things :
Then with reserve speak coldly to him,
Seem strange as tho' she never knew him.
Long did she play such giddy tricks,
As if her heart would never fix ;
At length, no more her love to hide,
Confess'd she wish'd to be his bride.

Just then a Pheasant chanc'd to stray,
When Partlet met him in the way ;

What

What various dies his plumes unfold,
Be-drop'd with azure, green and gold !
Struck with the gaudy tinsel show,
With fluttering heart she view'd the beau.
Fir'd with her charms, in accents wily,
He flatter'd, sooth'd, and prais'd her highly ;
Soon did soft nonsense gently tickle
The ears and heart of one so fickle.
But ah ! when once he made it known,
That a vast wood was all his own,
Which he by settlement would give her,
Were she to prove the longest liver ;
His suit no longer to with-stand,
The ready jilt bestow'd her hand.

The prudent dame he gaily leads
Thro' waving corn and smiling meads,

'Till

'Till, where the twining branches meet,
He brought her to his rural seat.

Chang'd to a husband from a lover,
Her promis'd bliss is quickly over.

Soon as she wakes, she finds him flown ;
Is often left whole days alone.

Husbands will for companions roam,
If an insipid one's at home :

By beauty none are long confin'd ;
But fix'd by sense and charms of mind.

In vain her soothing arts she tries,
Frets, rails, takes fits, weeps, raves and sighs ;
For want of sense to captivate,
Inspires indifference, scorn and hate :
By carping, wives increase the sore ;
If they upbraid, are shun'd the more.

Fruit-

Fruitless repinings, carking care
Corrode her heart and breed despair ;
She now regrets with keenest feeling,
Her faithless conduct, treacherous dealing:
Her joys are gone, destroy'd her peace,
And every day her griefs increase.
She finds herself, which swells her woes,
Surrounded by a thousand foes :
If she descends, a numerous brood
Of foxes, that infest the wood,
Alarm with fear her anxious breast,
With discontent and dread oppress'd :
At home she trembles in the tree,
Lest hov'ring hawks their prey should see ;
Her mate and she at constant strife ;
With all her wealth, a wretched wife.

With

With aching heart and ruffled breast,
She thus the powers above address'd ;
How wisely have ye pain assign'd,
To every false deceitful mind ;
Justly to such you woe decree,
As future jilts may learn from me.
Let all my sex for certain know,
No bliss can spring from outward show :
Wealth, pomp, and grandeur may entice,
But sink the mind in depths of vice.
Good sense and virtue must be join'd
In those who solid bliss can find.
To all, let my example teach,
Content with joys within their reach.
Her swelling heart, as thus she spoke,
Vented a piteous groan, and broke.



FABLE VIII.

The FOX, the OTTER, and the BADGER.

To an affected LADY.

FOLLY and ruin must be near
 To those who act beyond their sphere ;
 How well 'twould be for human kind,
 Did every one his bus'ness mind ;

I

Nor

Nor turn his thoughts to things above
His reach, but in his orbit move.

We smile to see th' officious wife
Direct the ruler of the skies ;
Shew how the planets ought to roll,
Make worlds on worlds, and grasp the whole.

Thus porters to display their wit,
Arraign Sir Robert, Pultney, Pitt,
And of the proper methods prate
To guide the helm and rule the state.

So with a round unmeaning face,
Devoid of each expressive grace,
The vain fantastic damsel chatters,
Of sentiment and such like matters.

But not to words confin'd alone,
This folly is by actions shown ;

For crouds a helping hand will lend
Whate'er they think amiss to mend.

Most men their merits rate too high,
Or real talents misapply :

He who at plow, or spade might shine,
Will quit them to commence divine ;
While men for contemplation made,
Shall toil, but never thrive in trade.

It is no wonder that *they* fall,
Who listen not to nature's call :
Whene'er we affectation view,
We pity and we scorn it too ;
It's only an affected fool
Just object is of ridicule.

When following nature, none can make
In any scene the least mistake ;

She points a plain and obvious way,
From which the dullest need not stray.
Then learn to know thyself alone,
And mind no bus'ness but thy own.

If nature has denied thee parts,
Converse not of the liberal arts;
Nor let thy tongue on subjects dwell,
Unless you understand them well;
For talking else will none commend thee,
But modest silence will befriend thee.

Indulge not busy medd'ling cares
In any other folks' affairs,
And still maintain a cautious fear
Never to quit your proper sphere.

I N Ireland once a friendly pair,
(All things are hospitable *there*)
As faunt'ring cheek by jowl they walk'd,
Thus to the Fox an Otter talk'd.

Well do my best desires agree
To live with beasts of taste like thee ;
How I admire your lot, Sir Fox,
Who feast on lambs or geese or cocks,
While I am in the water pent
To keep on fish perpetual lent.

Reynard replied, a good fat hen
Is charming eating now and then :
Salmon, which is my favorite fish,
Might well be made a favory dish ;
Instead of shrimps, when up you cut her,
If you mix catsup with your butter ;

For

For without catsup, worthy fir,
No fish my appetite can stir.

Thy feet to rend the feather'd kind,
By nature sure were ne'er design'd ;
Such wants, unable to supply,
To curb desire you'd better try :
But see our host the Badger's come,
Who kindly ask'd us to his home.

Before his gate the Badger stands,
Welcomes his guests and shakes their hands ;
The door he opens in a minute,
The parlor shews, and leads them in it :
The walls were crack'd, the floor decay'd,
And thro' the roof were crannies made ;
While shiv'ring near the fire they get,
The ground was damp, their feet were wet :

The

The blust'ring winds began to blow,
The rain to drive, to fall the snow;
The drizly fleet, the howling gale
Find entrance, with the pattering hail.

The Badger all the while was telling
Description of a sumptuous dwelling,
How oft he was employ'd to plan
Such structures as are rais'd by man :
His art the lion so respected,
He was chief architect elected.
Then talk'd of drawings for the cave,
Of cornice, freeze and architrave ;
Produc'd a plan of all the ground,
And prospect of the country round.

This palace is my own design,
His highness owns it wond'rous fine ;

Nothing

Nothing excels, by all I'm told,
This elevation, which behold.
Now give your eyes a feast---heigh-day !
You seem to mind not what I say.

My dearest friend, says Reynard, this
I hope you will not take amiss :
The damp, the cold, and tempest's force
Have turn'd our ears from your discourse.

Since, says the Otter, you my dear,
May well display your talents *here*,
Methinks your skill in building shown,
Should first be us'd to mend your own.



FABLE IX.

The WOLVES and the FOX.

TO a MISER.

TIS true, as witty poets sing,
 That avarice is a monstrous thing:
 By antient bards and modern rhymes,
 It's painted as the worst of crimes.

Old Plautus in his comic scene
 Seizes the miser by the chin,

K

Holds

Holds up his face to public view,
For laughter and for hatred too.

Philosophers have all agreed
No vice has less excuse to plead.

Apostles damn without remorse,
“ The covetous whom God abhors.”

Not all the labors of the pen
Can cure this plague in aged men :
Like aged trees they deeper shoot
In grossest earth their worthless root.
Then where such characters are found,
Let ridicule and mirth go round ;
By jeers and pointing fingers tell
Where such detested monsters dwell.

The avaritious will not spare
To rob the orphan, cheat the heir :

Nor

Nor honesty nor honor rests
Within such sordid culprits' breasts.
This truth to view in clearest light,
Attend while I my tale recite.

A Wolf of honest parents bred,
A sober life demurely led :
So gentle, that on no pretence
He'd give to other beasts offence ;
Daily with leopards did resort
To their grim shaggy sovereign's court :
But courtiers *then*, no matter where,
Not absolutely perfect were.
You see I still, in all my rhymes,
Cautious except the present times.

His head was clear, his heart was naught,
Where thirst of gain so strongly wrought ;
To hoard he plans a thousand schemes
Which plague by day, infest his dreams :
Vexation, disappointment, care,
And greedy thoughts his bosom tear.

When once the mind's to avarice bow'd,
Neglect of right is first allow'd,
Then deviates more and more to *ill*,
And headlong thunders down the hill.
However trivial, every vice
Hangs tottering on a precipice.

He saw the panther take a bribe,
'Twas usual *then* with all the tribe ;
He lick'd his lips, he screw'd his face
In antic forms of grave grimace :

Just

Just then a brother Wolf address'd,
Cring'd for a place---he'd do his best ;
But if to serve you I must try, know,
I shall expect the ready rhino :

And when he meets a dupe so pliant,
He takes the cash and bilks the client.

His father, who had wealth amass'd,
Grown old and sick, demis'd at last :
He seiz'd his stores and made a shift
To turn his brethren all adrift,
Careless, howe'er they may deserve,
If they and all their puppies starve :
Thus by injustice swells his store,
The more it swells he longs for more :
In dropficals the thirst no less is,
But the more's drank, the more increases.

By

By dint of artifice he gain'd
The highest post ; that post maintain'd,
Appointed vice-roy, rules the land
With iron sway and griping hand,
And all the beasts beneath him teizes,
Oppresses, screws, grinds, plunders, fleeces.

Nqw every dirty trick he tries,
Nor any offer'd bribe denies ;
Grasps all he can by fraud or might,
Witholds the needy orphan's right ;
Heedless that other Wolves there be
Who fain would live as well as he.

Yet always tortur'd in his mind,
No peace he feels, no rest can find ;
Of others property rapacious,
Of all his paws could scrape tenacious :

No pleasure meets in all his state ;
His only wish t' accumulate ;
On gain alone his thoughts employ'd,
While all he gets lies unenjoy'd.

When lust of lucre fires the heart,
It bids all peace and joy depart :
As well may those be free from pains
When tort'ring fevers burn their veins.

The pining Wolves began to growl,
With hunger pinch'd they loudly howl,
Yet howl in vain, they're but insulted,
'Till they the wily Fox consulted.

Of dearth, says he, the only cause
Is this, all grasping vice-roys paws,
Who what is due to thousands puts
Into his own still craving guts.

The

The Lion's sick ; on this condition
I'll serve ye---make me his physician.

They in a body strait resort,
And carry this request to court.
Reynard admitted, like old Hulse,
Look'd grave, and felt the monarch's pulse.
This pain, dread fire, your bowels in
A plaister of the vice-roy's skin,
Warm from his back, will soon remove,
And vain your subjects fears will prove.

Quick as propos'd, the lion flew
And Isgrim in a moment flew :
His pain was eas'd, his people fed,
The Wolves rejoic'd, the Fox was sped ;
The wealth amass'd with so much pain,
Was scatter'd 'mongst the beasts again.



FABLE X.

The OYSTER, the EEL, and the LOBSTER.

To a young GENTLEMAN.

CAN we, whate'er we by it gain,
Take pleasure in another's pain?

Are men so void of feeling grown,

To heed no sufferings but their own?

Enough, alas! diffus'd around

Of necessary ills is found;

L

If

If thou'rt a human being, cease
The dreadful number to increase.

What various methods men invent
To teize each other, and torment !
The haughty lord, to plague his wife,
Himself will lead a wretched life ;
His very children will, when gay,
Sourly forbid to chat or play :
No servant can compassion gain,
He'll gaul them with the heaviest chain ;
And all with whom he is connected
Must be unhappy, or neglected.

The softer sex, whose tender heart
Was formed pleasure to impart,
Each other's breast can deeply wound,
Malice and scandal whisp'ring round,

“ Who

“ Who can such odious things abide ?

“ It’s right to mortify their pride.”

It’s not to hurt their pride alone

You carp, but to indulge your own.

Ev’n children in their sports will try

T’ exert a savage cruelty,

And seem best pleas’d with the distress

Of all the creatures they carefs.

How long shall sweet humanity,

That best of virtues, flighted be !

The word’s a compliment that suits

But ill with men, say all the brutes,

Aghast we view a lion’s den,

Because a lion swallows men ;

He tears their quiv’ring limbs for food,

And grinds the flesh and churns the blood :

See their bones whitening in the sun---
Chill'd, and with horror struck you run.

You, whom a pure religion taught
Refinements of exalted thought,
That there's a duty well must know
We to inferior beings owe.

How did our glorious pattern prove,
That lower creatures claim'd his love :
From his example kindness show,
To all that live and feel below.

Can'st thou without compassion look
At the worm writhing on thy hook ?
What pangs convulsive must it share,
What agonizing tortures bear ;
A thing that's vital in each part,---
For thee to learn the fisher's art.

But

But there are creatures, you will say,
We must for our provision slay :
Take then their lives, but let them feel
As little pain as possible.

Unceasing all thy time employ
To deal, diffuse, and heighten joy ;
That others pleasure may partake,
All round thee happy strive to make.
Let pity in thy bosom reign,
And give to none the slightest pain :
Bless all, as far as in thee lies ;
So shalt thou virtuous be and wise.

PUSS is a cruel rogue, says Nan,
(Tossing live flounders in a pan)

Sports with her prey, and in a trice
In piece-meal rends the living mice.
Near to the place where Nan was frying,
Were Oysters, Eels, and Lobsters lying.

An Oyfter rais'd his upper shell---
Can pity in that bosom dwell,
Says he, when with that blunted knife
You're just prepar'd to take our life?
How often raw, like savory meat,
By you are we poor Oysters eat!
The living flesh your mouth receives,
Beneath your teeth in anguish heaves.

What is your pain, replied an Eel,
To *that* men's luxury makes us feel?
Can such insensate wretches thrive?
Torn by the nail, we're skinn'd alive.

Doth

Doth ought in nature suffer thus ?
Quick death is thought too good for us :
We roul and twist for ease in vain,
Each pore and atom thrills with pain ;
At length, to shew all pity's flown,
We're into scalding dripping thrown.

The Lobster, fighting, stretch'd his claw,
And said, men munch the Oysters raw ;
That living Eels are flea'd is true,
Yet acts they still more barbarous do.

We Lobsters are the most tormented,
By keenest pangs art e'er invented.
How shocking their ingenious wit !
We're fasten'd to a wooden spit,
And round, in gentle circles turning,
By a slow fire are kept from burning :

All

All parts alike the heat receive,
Rais'd by degrees, yet still we live :
So fierce our smart, that shrieks and cries
Express our horrid agonies :
Such pangs alone give fishes voice,
Like their own helpless infants noise !
But ah ! we find it to our cost,
Our screamings in deaf ears are lost.

Can mortals, who themselves could feel
Crush the raw Oyster, skin the Eel ?
Who, scorch'd by fire it's force confess,
Not sympathise with our distress ?

Unpitying Nan, whose bosom ne'er
Felt soft compassion enter there,
The Oysters now to open posted,
Fry'd the skin'd Eels, the Lobster roasted.

F A B L E



FABLE XI.

The OWL, the ASS, and the GOOSE.

TO CELIA.

FAIN would the muse in tuneful lays
Resound my Celia's endless praise;
Paint every charm and every grace,
And all the wonders of her face.

M

But

But you with scorn eulogiums hear,
And say that flattery shocks your ear ;
If odious flattery you disdain,
Attend the muse's honest strain :
For since I must not speak my mind
In truths conspicuous to mankind ;
As praise is such offensive matter,
Whate'er I think, I will not flatter.

Such strength of thought we seldom find
With so much delicacy join'd ;
Yet sure I am, you're not so nice
To cavil, or reject advice.

Since cruel fate forbids the bard
To hope for faithful love's reward,
Still must he wish you may not miss
The path that leads to real bliss.

Would

Would you in holy ties possess
A pure intrinsic happiness,
Coxcombs and fools you'll surely shun,
For she that takes a fool's undone.
The man of sense, whose heart can glow,
And with good nature overflow ;
Where he bestows his heart, he gives
The justest praise your sex receives.
Of knaves and fools I need not warn,
For knaves you hate, and fools you scorn,
And caution's useless where you see
A face that's open, frank and free.

But know, for life you're doom'd a slave,
If you're deceiv'd by him that's grave ;
For be this maxim ne'er forgot,
" Solemnity conceals a sot."

Wherever gravity is found,
Defects and vices must abound.

When you behold demure grimace
Composing a mysterious face,
You see a cloke for want of sense,
To wisdom but a vain pretence.
That scoundrel, gravity, detest,
'Tis the fool's idol, wise man's jest.
The grave nor virtuous are nor wise,
For gravity's the worst of lies.

AN Ass, who mov'd in solemn pace,
With wisdom stamp'd upon his face :
(Not to disparage Asses eyes,
Some doctors look almost as wise :)

His

His comely ears he slowly rear'd,
For why, a tuneful hoot he hear'd.
And whence proceeds that charming noise,
It's sure the bird of wisdom's voice ;
He said, in words that mov'd slow out,
Like drops from an alembic's spout.

You're right, replied the gravest fowl,
Wisdom you've found ; behold an Owl !
Great fowls, as learned poets prove,
By instinct to each other move.
Welcome my learned friend---then sits
And nods, and seems to think by fits.

The Afs admir'd his looks austere,
His grave and magisterial air :
No alderman was ever seen
With a more consequential mien.

Know

Know then, rejoin'd the long-ear'd brute,
You well my taste for learning suit;
But that our friendship still may grow,
You should my vast importance know.
Physicians, tremb'ling for their fee,
(Vain all their help) apply to me:
Of those their med'cines cannot save,
We rescue thousands from the grave.
See him, who with tremendous wig,
Behind a double chin struts big,
Doth my superior merit own,
And strives to mimic me alone;
They all my manners, with respect,
Ape, and my grave deport affect.

Well, says the Owl, you can't deny
That learning in my phyz doth lie:

See

See, in my countenance pomposity !

In all my sentences nervosity !

The wise Athenians rightly knew
What vast esteem to Owls was due :
Ev'n wisdom's goddess, long before,
My image on her helmet bore,
A hieroglyph, to shew how just
They think who to appearance trust.
He clos'd his speech with winking eyes,
And look'd most wonderfully wise.

A Goose by chance had fetch'd a walk,
And overheard these sages talk ;
Thought what they said was vastly good,
Tho' not a word he understood ;
Yet all his thinking pow'rs engross'd,
Listen'd and gaz'd, in wonder lost.

At

At length he spoke, and flap'd his wing---
This wisdom is a charming thing :
Those looks so grave, with wit inspir'd,
Must be by ev'ry Goose admir'd.
Ye say you're wise, you best must know
Yourselfes, I'm therefore sure 'tis so.
Your worth attracts : there are, it's true,
Some silly brutes that envy you ;
I've heard the foxes as they run,
(But they are beasts I always shun,)
Laughing and pointing as they pass,
Cry---there's an Owl, and---there's an Afs.



FABLE XII.

The LION and the DOG.

TO A POLITICIAN.

PERMIT the poet's moral lay,
By tales, instruction to convey :

Tho' he to birds and beasts ascribe

The manners of the reas'ning tribe,

And owns they're silly now and then,

"He never said they equal men ;"

N

That

That they such pride and folly show,
As---whom I mean you surely know.

However cautious in my rhymes,
It's said, I squint at great men's crimes :
To libel, if I'm found so base,
It's only the four-footed race ;
As ill said four-foots do not take it,
Can any lawyer *scan. mag.* make it ?

If the satyric muse chastise,
'Tis from her hate and scorn of vice.
Brutes are my theme ; I hold the glass ;
But call no mortal owl or ass :
If conscience will apply the fiction,
What is it less than self-conviction ?
Whose province is't the muse invades ;
Are vice and folly lawful trades ?

Lash them I must, whate'er it cost :
Wholly they're not by lords engross'd ;
Then sure the peers will not alledge
Against me breach of privilege.

I own no statesman can support
His power, were falsehood chas'd from court :
But still this maxim's not so clear---
"No truth should reach a prince's ear."
Be bribes and lies no longer crimes,
And I'll defend these virtuous times :
But as to ministerial plans,
I'll not debase them in my strains,
Nor try to censure or commend them ;
For faith, I cannot comprehend them :
They have of late been so profound,
No human line their depth could found.

So, once for all, I here premise,
That all *our* ministers are wise :
If the great statesman's conduct's shown,
I mean all statesmen but our *own* ;
And thus, my principles profess,
May keep my ears, nor loose my jest.

O NCE on a time, near Afric's shore,
Where shaggy monarchs reign and roar ;
A Lion, the jackal disgrac'd,
And in his room a puppy plac'd :
The Dog had genius, few learn'd faster ;
Well did he please his royal master ;
For not a priest that gapes for lawn
More servilely could cringe and fawn.

At every plain well-meaning beast
He'd fly and bite, or snarl at least.
To those who could his power up-hold
Cheap were the royal favors fold :
In short, he only acted thus,
As great men's puppies do with us.

If any gentle brutes complain'd
Of grievances, or right restrain'd,
He'd lift his voice, and bark so loud,
As drown'd the murmurs of the crowd ;
Nor ever let his sovereign hear
What groanings buz'd around his ear.

But finding that the general cry
Was, hang the Dog, the Dog must die ;
He fought in such a desperate case
To save his neck and keep his place :

A wick-

A wicked Dog he was it's true,
Yet other beasts were wicked too;
Corrupt they were---he'd try to bribe
The leaders of the factious tribe.

Is there a paw that bribes with-stands,
Which rarely fail with human hands?
For when no motives else avail,
Persuasive guineas will prevail.

Lord Pug a golden pippen got;
A goose secur'd the fox's vote;
Scrug had some nuts to stuff his jaws;
A lamb disarm'd the leopard's claws;
Potatoes with their lucid skin,
Hurried the hog thro' thick and thin:
'To all his kindred Dogs he gave
Bones, half-pick'd, from the Lion's cave.

The common beasts, thro' all the nation,
Still curs'd his mal-administration :

He with majority well fenc'd,
Now freely with the laws dispens'd :
He laugh'd to hear the vulgar howl ;
Nor fear'd the prescient general growl.

The patriot elephant, distress'd,
Felt vengeance boiling in his breast ;
(All that we by a patriot mean
Is, one that's out and would get in.)
He bellow'd loud for liberty ;
Why should not every beast be free ?
Right, says the Wolf, and out he pops ;
"Make free with sheep;" then lick'd his chops.

Should he once o'er the realm preside,
How justly would he measures guide !

The

The Dog remov'd, he'd serve his friends ;
Heav'n knew he meant no private ends.

He watch'd occasion, when poor Tray
Was with a favorite last away ;
For when a lady's in the case
Bus'ness and all things must give place.

So, near two thousand years ago,
Did Marc. the paltry globe bestow,
And perish'd in the cause, to prove
The world well lost---'twas all for love.

The senate hear his grave harangue :
The Dog's impeach'd, the Dog must hang.

The mighty beast is o'er the head
Of Jackals to the guidance led ;
But being once possess'd of power,
Did more than forty Dogs devour.



FABLE XIII.

The BUTTERFLY, the SPIDER, and the BEE.

TO a BEAUTY.

THE learned form pedantic rules,
 From musty morals taught in schools,
 And him with folly stigmatize,
 Whose heart's subdued by brilliant eyes;
 Tell us how silly 'tis to gaze
 With rapture on a lovely face;

O

That

That beauty is by all allow'd
To be as transient as a cloud ;
Meer adventitious excellence,
No pledge of merit, taste, or sense :
Thus formal philosophic lore
Vents these grave saws and fifty more.

Yet never was one convert made
By being told that charms will fade ;
For, still attracted by their bloom,
We pluck the peach, and taste the plumb.
To awful beauty, when beheld,
Sages themselves submissive yield ;
And he that feels it's sovereign power,
With all his morals, must adore :
So all mankind for once despise
The sober reas'nings of the wise.

While

While honest nature takes her course,
We own the fair's resistless force ;
No wonder all the sex desire
Handsome to be, and love inspire :
Is this the wish of all the throng ?
Then let them listen to my song ;
And, ladies, you may learn from me
How all that please may pretty be.

Not the most finish'd features strike,
(There's something more than bloom we like)
Justly arranged let them be
In the exactest symmetry ;
Unmov'd is the beholders soul
'Till animation crowns the whole :
If sentiment is not express'd,
No soft emotions melt the breast ;

We view th' unanimated shell,
And painted dolls look just as well.
Were *color* and *proportion* all
That make up what men beauty call,
It would be easy to explain
What burns the heart, and turns the brain;
All that the lover can reveal
Is, there's a power he can't but feel;
But what it is, and where it lies,
Whether in cheeks, or lips, or eyes,
He knows not; but a something there,
Her shape, her motion, or her air,
From whence a sweetness undefin'd,
And placid softness, charm the mind.

You see the truth to prove I meant---

“ All beauty springs from sentiment :”

Then

Then every feature strive t' improve
By kindness, tendernefs, and love :
Let every glance foft meeknefs tell,
And in your heart let virtue dwell ;
Be never in a fretful mood,
All muft be pretty if they're *good*.

She that is fullen, peevifh, four,
Whofe brow doth with unkindnefs low'r ;
Who, with *forbidding afpect*, fhow's
No fympathy for other's woes ;
Whate'er the color of her fkin,
Is much too ugly hearts to win.

A Spider, homely and immoral,
Once with a Butterfly did quarrel :

Their

Their worth respective, rais'd dispute,
Which neither own'd, nor could confute :
At length agreed, with mutual pride,
A Bee the contest should decide.

The Fly, intrinsic merit needing,
Was chiefly for her beauty pleading :
Her speckled wings attract the eye,
And numbers for her favors sigh ;
Saunt'ring all day, at drums all night,
She'd seen the world, and was polite.

The Spider, with disdain rejoins,
Behold these circles, angles, lines ;
Here, in perfection, see display'd,
The mysteries of the weaving trade !
My skill's in mathematics known,
And all my art unrival'd own.

She

She bent her brow, with venom swell'd,
And with contempt the Fly beheld.

The Umpire, with judicious pause,
Maturely weigh'd th' important cause :
He felt compassion touch his breast,
And thus the Butterfly address'd;

Thou gorgeous, fickle, giddy thing,
Thy only boast a painted wing ;
Idly and uselessly you stray,
Poor trifler of a summer's day !
All the soft pleasures you possess,
Spring only from your gaudy dress.
Concern'd I view such empty, silly,
Vain, fluttering, worthless things, like -----

But know, in forms no beauty lies,
Glittering with unexpressive eyes :

Expression

Expreſſion muſt the charms refine,
And ſentiment perſpicuous ſhine ;
Or blooming colors are but toys
To catch the gaze of wanton boys.

Then turning to the Spider, cried,
Thou can'ſt not ſpite and malice hide ;
While in that hideous ſhape and mien
A ſelf-important air is ſeen :
Thy filthy qualities expreſs
The moſt emphatic ugleneſs.
All by your induſtry we get
Is for incautious feet a net :
Cobwebs and dirt your works at beſt,
The villain Spider all deteſt.



FABLE XIV.

The GRASS-HOPPER and the ANT.

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend, whose tender breast
 With so much fondness is impress'd;
 Whose partial eyes thy faults refuse
 To see, or all those faults excuse?

P

What

What would in others vicious be,
Excess of virtue seems in thee.

Like thine, what Fables e'er were writ,
Fraught with such sentiment and wit;
Is not each weighty moral line
New---striking, and, extremely fine?
To praise thy works, the fair with joy
Will all their pretty mouths employ:
Thou wilt, from tales educating truth,
To wisdom form the rising youth:
The fair and young will sure bestow
Immortal fame on thee below.

Oh! fond self-love, fantastic thing!
Thy various follies who can sing?
It's thou who mak'st the solemn ass
For humorist or wag to pass;

And

And thou can'st to the goose suggest,
That he's a wit, and loves a jest.
Minerva's bird, so wond'rous wise,
Thus all things sees with half-shut eyes.

But, vanity for once apart,
Let me attempt to touch thy heart.
Has learning all thy soul engross'd,
And is discretion wholly lost?
Think'st thou, with love of fancy smit,
All virtues are compriz'd in wit?
For others' sufferings dost thou groan,
Yet still unmindful of thy own?
So thoughtless, with a feeling mind?
But bards are of a gentle kind.
With what profusion has thy wealth
Been scatter'd to give others health!

Sure now it's time some thoughts to guide
Tow'rds gain, and for thyself provide.
How useleſs the deciduous vine,
'Till round ſome elm it's tendrils twine ;
And joyleſs is a mortal's life
Without that beſt ſupport---a wife :
But wife and children will require
At leaſt ſome meat, drink, clothes, and fire.

A Graſs-hopper, who full of play,
Was chirping forth a roundelay,
Obſerv'd an Ant, who ſhook the road,
Stalking beneath his cumb'rous load :
Courteous, he cries, my honeſt friend,
'Take what aſſiſtance I can lend ;'

For much I fear th' enormous weight
Is for thy strength by far too great.

The Ant, whose shoulders wrung with pain,
Could scarce support th' unwieldy grain,
Down the prodigious burthen threw,
Wip'd from his face the briny dew ;
Then, panting, thus his thanks express'd,
With throbbing heart and heaving breast:

This offer is extremely kind,
For mutual aid we're all design'd ;
And 'tis by dint of toil and sweat
That men as well as insects eat :
Unus'd to work, I pray you spare
Yourself, nor take the load too far.

Now all his strength the dancer plies,
And every art and method tries ;

But

But all his skill and powers are vain
To lift from earth the ponderous grain.

The laboring hind with grief survey'd
The scene, and, sighing, shook his head:
Pity, says he, a heart so good
Should not be fit to earn it's food.
Unable to lay something by,
When dreary winter comes, you'll die.

Laughing, the Grass-hopper replied,
Their wealth the drudging Ants may hide;
To me each flower its fragrance yields,
For me the peasant trims the fields,
And, born a gentleman, I roam
From place to place, nor want a home.

I all the sweets of nature taste,
Who spreads for me a rich repast;

I spend

I spend each moment in delight,
And dance and sing from morn to night :
Stranger to care, or fear, or sorrow,
Nor ever think about to-morrow.

The Ant rejoin'd, poor giddy thing !
How short your time to laugh and sing ;
With cold and hunger pinch'd, you'll wait
In vain for alms before our gate ;
For all th' industrious think it wrong
To part with money for a song.
'Gainst dearth or age in time provide,
And lay your sing-song rhymes aside ;
For sure they're but a paltry treat,
But 'tis substantial joy to eat.

Trust me, his diet's mighty scant,
Whom folks suspect to be in want.

If you would be secure from harm,
Work for a house that's snug and warm;
And if you wish for goodly fare,
Earn yourself wealth, and lodge it there.
None but the fool neglects, they say,
To guard against a rainy day.



FABLE XV.

The ROBIN and the ROOK.

TO a MELANCHOLY LADY.

IDLE imagination feigns
 Evils, and realizes pains.
 A thousand ills our fancy breeds,
 And visionary woe succeeds :
 Pleasures in reach are not enjoy'd,
 When dormant reason's unemploy'd ;

Q

What

What for our comfort was design'd,
With fears ideal fills the mind ;
The spreading gloom bids joy depart,
And swallow'd coblers burst the heart.

Imagination also may
The most exalted bliss convey :
Thus soaring bards, in lofty odes,
Tramp'ling on stars, converse with gods.

When active reason rules within,
The mind's compos'd and quite serene ;
Is always open to receive
Whatever pleasures life can give ;
And thus, secure from all distress,
Can raise content to happiness.

They who would bask in balmy ease,
Determine to be pleas'd, and please :

For vexing care no room can find
To harbor in th' unruffled mind :
Where peace, and joy, and calmness dwell,
They all disturbing thoughts expel.

Those who would learn this noble art,
With fortitude must arm their heart :
You'll find, in troubles whelmed o'er,
That languid heavings sink thee more ;
Still plung'd in deeper glooms you'll be,
'Till vigorous struggles set thee free.

From every unforeseen event,
From the minutest incident,
Some source of pleasure still contrive ;
'Gainst every boisterous passion strive ;
For by conflicting passions tost,
The tenor of the soul is lost.

Let peevish, fretful thoughts your breast
No longer with their stings molest :

A steadfast resolution bear

To free yourself from anxious care.

Be every joyful moment seiz'd,

Always in humor to be pleas'd ;

To which the highest pleasure join,

Dealing to others joys like thine :

A habit thus you may acquire,

Which will unfailing bliss inspire.

A Robin, chearful, blithe and gay,

Who, tittering, hop'd from spray to spray ;

And never ceas'd to chirp or sing

In winter's cold, or warmth of spring :

Was always in an easy frame ;
Whatever happen'd still the same :
In the best light he'd all things view ;
Enjoy'd each moment as it flew ;
Nor hear'd the croaking bird that chatters
Of evils, death, and such-like matters.

As thro' the air he skim'd along,
His journey short'ning with a song,
In view some lofty trees appear'd,
From whence loud dismal moans he hear'd :
A Rook was screaming o'er her brood ;
Perpetual cawings fill'd the wood.

He stopp'd ; when thus the Rook address'd
The lovely bird with ruddy breast :
I grieve to see thy careless state,
Oh ! blind to the decrees of fate :

The

The brumal time will prove severe;
Dost thou nor cold, nor hunger fear;
Nor tremble lest the fowler's art
Should break thy wing, or pierce thy heart?
Grim death in vain to shun you try;
For birds, as well as men, must die.

The Robin listen'd, smil'd, and said,
What gloomy thoughts your mind invade:
Where restless cares the heart possess,
Imagin'd woes will cause distress:
What grief you may from fear contrive,
Of evils that may ne'er arrive?
Surely it's time enough to feel
Death when it comes, that certain ill.
Will constant groanings render light
Our pains; or sighs and sobs delight?

O'er-

O'erwhelm'd in fancy'd miseries,
The mind in sorrow torpid lies.

Would you the sweets of life enjoy,
Your thoughts on beauteous scenes employ;
Let nature's bounty still impart
A grateful pleasure to thy heart;
And, all thy wants supply'd, return
Heart-cheering thanks, and cease to mourn:
If you'd be easy, thus you must
Behave, and for the future trust.

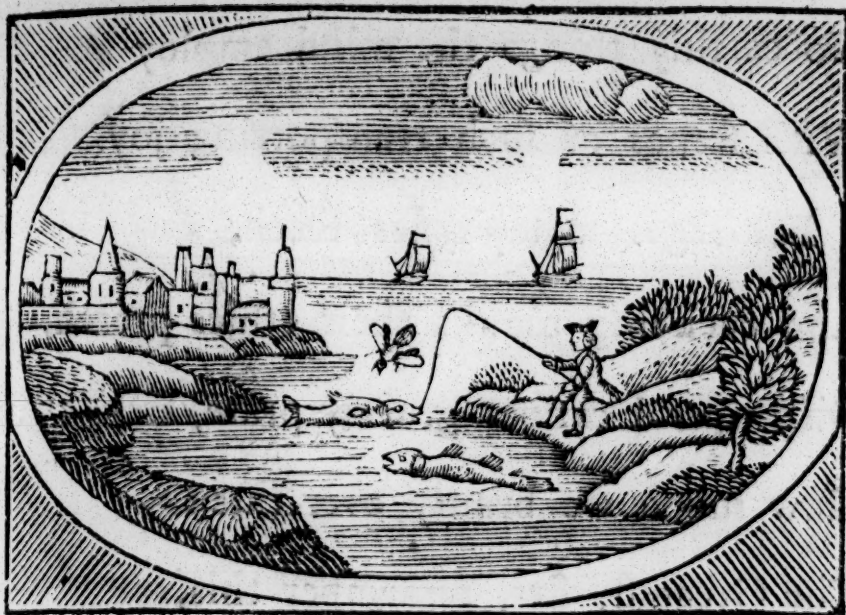
In solemn tone the Rook replied:
To curb my thoughts I've often tried;
But chas'd in vain, recoiling back,
They're, like my feathers, dark and black:
I therefore chuse to live alone;
For life itself's a burthen grown.

A thou-

A thousand ills distract my brains,
And fear inflicts a thousand pains :
Sour discontent and murmurs rise ;
Horror within my bosom lies ;
Wretched by day, I hate the light,
Yet dread the darkness of the night.

The chearful bird with pity looks
On foolish self-tormenting Rooks :
He quits the wood ; all birds forsakes ;
And near a cot his dwelling makes.

Now squalid storms deform the year,
Earth's bound in frost, the snows appear,
When, fluttering at the window, he
Is welcom'd by the family :
The pretty guest his host preserv'd :
The gloomy wand'ring Rook was starv'd.



FABLE XVI.

The FLY and the GUDGEON.

To a Female FRIEND.

THE wise, the fool, the grave, the gay,
 To sovereign beauty homage pay;
 Beauty, which all that view must know,
 The richest treasure found below.
 Can power or fordid wealth impart
 Such soft sensations to the heart?

R

 No

No earthly things the mind employ
With scenes of such transporting joy.

Let sages metaphysics teach,
And cack'ling monks their ethics preach,
Distemper'd cassocks gravely prate,
How much we beauty over-rate :
The Greatest, firs, remember this,
All perfect and all beauteous is ;
Then they who beauteous are, best seem
(And perfect) to resemble Him.

Could human hearts be form'd of steel,
They must the force of beauty feel :
See, the soft airs and winning grace
Smile in my Celia's heav'nly face ;
Behold, *unmov'd*, her piercing eyes,
Then let my doctrines pass for lies.

Beauty,

Beauty, that should with awe inspire,
And warm the soul with generous fire,
Ungrateful man, perverse and base,
Contrives to blast a thousand ways ;
For many a bait and many a snare
Is laid to catch the heedless fair.

How oft the fond believing maid
(Too credulous) is by man betray'd !
Beauties, like hares, wherever found,
What numerous enemies surround !
Where'er they turn, where'er they run,
They'll meet a foe they wish to shun.

The fish that's on perpetual watch,
Some are expert enough to catch ;
For every bait an angler tries,
He shifts his worms, his paste, his flies ;

Patient he leans, and eyes the brook,
'Till nibb'ling fish attack the hook ;
With playful art he tempts the trout,
Persisting, 'till he jerks him out.

From plans, contriv'd with skill and care,
What can preserve the artless fair ?
Why truly Rachel, if you can,
You must avoid that monster, man ;
Be deaf to every feigned groan,
Nor trust him with thyself, alone ;
He'll not to speak, 'fore others, fear,
All that is fit for thee to hear.
Cautious and wise, from danger fly,
Nor ever to deliberate try ;
Or else you'll find it to your cost,
That she who parlies, must be lost.

Think,

Think, if you'd shun the nib'ler's fate,
A hook's conceal'd within the bait.

A wanton Fly, who lov'd to swim
Across, athwart, and round the stream;
Nimbly along the surface fluttering,
Careless, tho' shoals of fish were sputtering;
Vain of his speed, would dart and glide
Amongst them up and down the tide,

A Gudgeon view'd, with spark'ling eyes,
And long'd to seize the glittering prize;
The wary Fly beheld his foe
Rise softly from the depth below;
Scut'ling away, his wings he clap'd,
And sprung the moment t'other snap'd;

Then

Then, turning, cries---my ardent wish
Is to be well with every fish;
For in this stream, you must agree,
There's room enough for them and me.
By you my mother lost her life,
Two uncles, and my dearest wife:
Sure it's too much you still pursue
One that has suffer'd thus by you:
Then let our hate forever cease;
What's past, forgot, we'll live in peace.

Right, says the Gudgeon, I'm content,
If for the future you'll consent,
Like all things else, my form t' admire,
And own the flame my charms inspire.

Fraudful she spoke; the Fly replied,
My just regard shall now be tried:

Harm-

Harmless you may indulge your taste
With yonder charming bit of paste.
An angler seen, while thus he speaks,
To glut his own revenge he seeks,
Intently looks---a trout was nigh,
Who leap'd and catch'd th' insidious Fly.

The Gudgeon now attacks the bait,
She sucks and finds it wond'rous sweet:
His dancing float the angler sees,
Now rise, now sinking by degrees;
Patient he stands 'till, silly elf,
She nibbles, bites, and hooks herself.

So have I seen an artful maid,
Who, schemes to trap admirers laid,
With various wiles attempt a heart
That's unsuspicious, void of art;

Which

Which once entangled in her net,
She takes delight to teize and fret ;
And when she thinks she has him fast,
Coquettes at first, and jilts at last.

But those who snares for others lay,
To others fall themselves a prey.

She who inflicts a needless pain,
Must be as foolish as she's vain :
Those who with lovers are inclin'd
To trifle, shew the basest mind.

What numerous dangers must beset
The giddy, fluttering, vain coquet !
Unthought-of future woes will sting
That truly despicable thing.

But of all creatures most accurs'd,
Trust me, ye fair, a jilt's the worst.

F A B L E



FABLE XVII.

The LAMB and the WOLF.

To a very young LADY.

SOMETIMES, where youth and beauty
meet,

We find a conduct indiscreet ;

The fair-one, guileless, void of art,

No vice or folly rules her heart ;

S

Yet

Yet plays such giddy pranks as then-sure
Will oft expose herself to censure ;
The source of which untoward things
From inexperience only springs.

So, youngling maids, when first they love,
What fears distress, what trifles move !
With such reluctance wood that's green
Slowly admits the fire within :
Whereas the more experienc'd dame
Glow, joys, and crackles in the flame.

In every scene of life beware ;
When friends develope shun the snare :
By caution only, safest guide,
Want of experience is supplied.
If prudence you would justly scan,
Trust not yourself with faithless man :

Cautious

Cautious in every step, and nice,
In all things take mamma's advice;
However grating, if pursued,
'Twill make you happy, wise, and good:
From her experience you'll discern
What's wrong, and all that's proper learn.
And rest assur'd, you'll never err,
While you are warn'd and rul'd by her.
Your good she seeks, nor can beguile---
With self-sufficient air you smile:
Be serious, Miss, the dinner's done,
Thanks are return'd, the chaplain's gone;
So, while the butler clears the table,
For your desert, attend my Fable.

IN days of yore, when Lambs were chatty,
And frisk'd and fung, and romp'd like Patty,
There liv'd a grave respected ewe,
Who did like other matrons do ;
I mean, with prudence, art and fear,
A numerous offspring toil'd to rear.

One Lamb, by fond indulgence spoil'd,
(All mothers have a favorite child)
She so caress'd and cocker'd, 'till
No just restraint could curb her will :
So humor'd, she'd take no denial,
Whene'er her ways were brought to trial.

Her mother's precepts seem'd so dull,
(Her daughter surely was no fool)
And why, for wandering would she chide ;
Must she be ever at her side,

Like

Like novices and silly things,
Be fasten'd to her apron strings?
To quit her she began to long;
She thought her mother reason'd wrong;
And why should she, who wish'd to roam,
To please mamma, be kept at home?

The ewe still talk'd of dangers near,
Of prudence, caution, wiles and fear;
How some, from inexperience run
Into the snares they strive to shun:
Her safety to consult besought her,
And well advis'd her giddy daughter.

But wholesome counsel won't restrain
The self-important and the vain:
The Lamb, who smil'd at all that past,
Resolv'd to please herself at last.

Around

Around the park she skips and strays,
With fawns and kids and calves she plays;
Joyous in youth, her fancy leads
To sport it in the neighb'ring meads:
The garish flowers attract her eye,
The silver rill that gurgles by;
She looks and longs, with wat'ry lip,
The flowers to crop, the rill to sip.

Fain thro' the lofty pales she'd creep,
Th' ascent was rough, the ditch was deep:
She saw no means, with fore vexation,
T' indulge her wanton inclination.

A Wolf, grim, bony, gaunt and bold,
Who round the park had often proul'd,
And while the nibb'ling folks he eyed,
Had every way for entrance tried:

The

The pales did all his efforts mock,
Preserving safe the peaceful flock.

The Lamb survey'd him o'er and o'er ;
A Wolf she never saw before ;
Yet, courteous, debonair, and free,
Your humble servant, sir, says she ;
If there's a place, acquaint me pray,
Over this ditch to find the way.

The Wolf, elate with joy, replied,
I'll point the way, and be your guide ;
For yonder, on that rising ground,
An easy passage may be found ;
The ditch is free from water there,
Come then, and my protection share :
You may, if near that brake you go,
Creep thro' the zig-zag pales below ;

A bet-

A better friend you ne'er could prove ;
For as my life, a Lamb I love.

The simple Lamb approach'd the place,
With meekness smiling in her face ;
In unsuspecting innocence,
Harmless she crawl'd beneath the fence.

Grimly, the Wolf with pleasure saw,
The morsel for his rav'nous maw ;
His maw to glut, his paunch to cram,
Seiz'd, and in piece-meal tore the Lamb.



FABLE XVIII.

The EAGLE and the OWL.

To a vain LADY.

IT must be own'd the human mind
 To vanity is much inclin'd :
 It's this to affectation leads,
 Which various swarms of follies breeds.
 E'er vain ambition puffs the heart,
 Good sense and prudence must depart.

T

The

The mind, with airy fancies swell'd,
Blindly to ruin is impell'd.

Let every vain, conceited elf,
Learn to be mute, or hide himself.

DEEP in the covert of a wood
The relics of a temple stood;
The creeping ivy twin'd around
It's pillars, tottering on the ground:
A place for contemplation made,
Where moss-grown trees with gloomy shade,
And horror deep the grove embrown,
While fragments still were tumb'ling down.

'Twas here, a grave majestic fowl,
To mortals known by name of Owl,

Tho'

Tho' Chalcis call'd by gods she be,
Who've other names for things than we.
Long had she here, in solemn state,
Been us'd to doze and contemplate;
In solitude for wisdom fought,
Look'd grave, wink'd, nodded, slept and
thought.

An Eagle travelling, and benighted,
Just by her mould'ring mansion 'lighted;
Tho' Madge beheld, she never stir'd
To welcome in the royal bird:
But as the sun in Thetis' lap
Reclin'd, to take his usual nap,
Slowly to ope' her eyes she ventur'd,
And look around her as he enter'd:

Then, finding she was free from danger,
Thus entertain'd the noble stranger.

The garish sun, who seems so proud,
Is vanquish'd by a single cloud ;
Yet mighty clouds of every fort
Of stronger winds are but the sport ;
The winds, that triumph o'er the plain,
'Gainst yonder mountain strive in vain :
Yet mice can penetrate its side,
And in its rocky entrails hide ;
But mice themselves, of each degree,
Are nothing more than food for me ;
Judge then, this solid reas'ning by,
Of what vast consequence am I !

The Eagle smil'd, and answer'd thus ;
It's strange you ne'er resort to us ;

For

For one at court so sage and clever,
Might make herself and heirs for ever.
It's right, for folks of such condition,
To bustle, and indulge ambition.

After long pause, the Owl replies,
With dismal hoot and winking eyes :
To govern there is none so fit,
As those who claim the sharpest wit ;
And that's the best, your highness knows,
Which down hereditary flows :
The prince, your son, might raise a breed,
By me, that would be kings indeed !
Then let the youth to me tied,
And I'll consent to be his bride.

The monarch, touch'd with pity, sigh'd,
And griev'd to see such foolish pride.

At

At scenes of vanity and folly
Some laugh ; the wise are melancholy :
In feeling hearts compassion rises,
But he that pities not, not wise is.
He thus accosts the silly elf,
In hopes to bring her to herself :

 If with my son you seek affiance,
And justly wish for such alliance,
The birds in full assembly soon
Will meet, about to-morrow's noon ;
Then if to meet us you're content,
You shall not fail of my consent.

 Madge, fraught with self-importance, waits
"Till morn unlock'd the heav'nly gates ;
With rosy fingers led the horses
Of Phoebus to their usual courses.

In

In awkward wheels she steers her flight,
O'erpower'd with dazz'ling streams of light ;
Thro' aether's plains she madly drives ;
At length amongst the birds arrives :
They gather round her, and admire
Her muffled phyz and strange attire,
Her blinking eyes, un-meaning face,
Her rustic gait and hobb'ling pace.

The kingly bird observ'd his guest,
And thus th' ambitious fool address'd :
Behold my son, with whom you aim
Alliance, and my promise claim ;
The part'ner of his bed must be
At least as well dispos'd as he :
Then try with him to speed your flight,
To yonder perpendic'lar height.

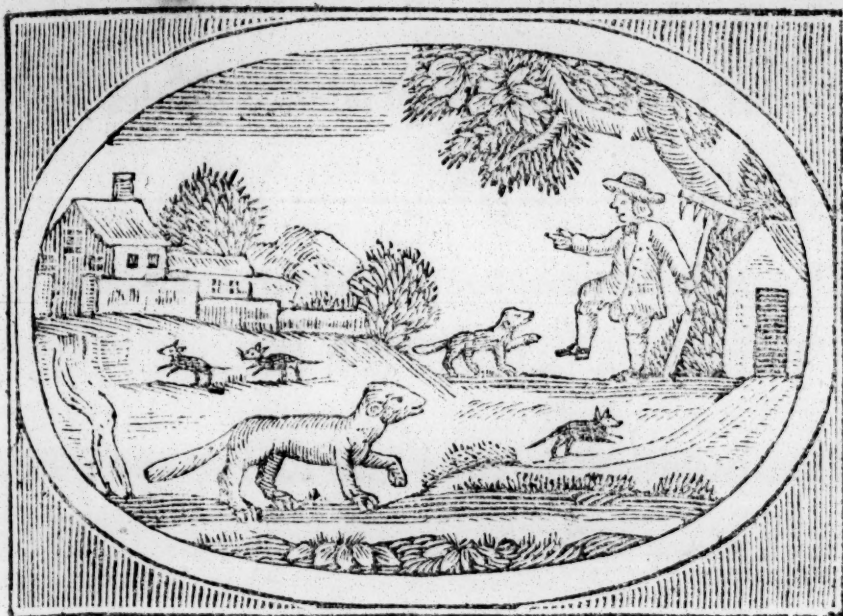
He

He soars aloft, she strives to rise,
But feebly cleaves the liquid skies ;
Blinded by solar beams, she falls,
And dark'ling seeks her mould'ring walls.

The birds pursue and hiss around
Poor Madge, who wallowing bites the ground,
And longs for nothing but security,
In her own proper dark obscurity.

Peace with your babb'ling taunts, says she,
The light's my greatest enemy ;
For 'till this cursed fun's away,
I cannot find my home or prey.

Hold, says a hawk, can you revile
What cheers and makes all nature smile ;
Must every living thing be blind
Only that Owls their mice may find ?



FABLE XIX.

The WEAZEL and the FERRET.

TO a SPENDTHRIFT.

VIRTUE is all extremes between,
 And settles in the golden mean;
 Nor can it e'er in those be found
 Who rove beyond the middle bound:

U

The

The mind unhing'd, in vice abides,
No curb restrains, no prudence guides;
In sordid avarice plung'd, or treads
The path which to profusion leads.

That every miser's mad is true,
The spendthrift's mad and foolish too;
For all the useless treats he gives,
Nor love, esteem, nor thanks receives:
Reduc'd to want, neglected lies,
Despis'd by all, unpitied dies.

If to extravagance inclin'd,
Be wise, and strictly guard your mind;
Cautious in time; for ruin hastes
To him who riches idly wastes;
And disappointment must attend
The man who trusts a smell-feast friend.

From

From all the seeds profusion sows,
A wild repentance only grows.

Believe th' experienc'd bard, who sings
Of moral truths and certain things ;
Who to the thinking mind conveys
True wisdom's lore in fabulous lays.

A Weazel once, of manners mild,
Good-natur'd, thoughtless, brisk and wild,
Dwell'd on a heath ; his time employs
In social mirth and festal joys ;
Convivial pleasures suited best
His taste, and all his heart possess'd.

His father had amass'd, with pain,
A decent competence of grain ;

Dying, bequeath'd him all his store,
Save some small pittance to the poor.
All his acquaintance now invited,
He feasts, is flatter'd, and delighted ;
With him is every Weazel found,
And all the rats for ten miles round :
They praise his corn, extol his spirit,
And swear he has a world of merit.
Each joke he cracks, a burst of laughter
Is sure from all to follow after.
So witty he, so kind a friend,
They all would with their lives defend.

A Ferret, 'mongst the fawning crowd,
Was in his praises far most loud ;
Such friendship and such zeal profess'd,
As rarely dwell in human breast :

Feign'd

Feign'd an exalted pure esteem,
Free from all selfish views, for him :
Was always sure to fill his place,
Loaded with gifts, and thriv'd apace.

The giddy Weazel liv'd so fast,
That long his treasures could not last :
Th' exhausted granary op'd his eyes ;
Experience only makes fools wise :
Distress'd with want, he asks his friend,
Who roll'd in wealth, some corn to lend.

The wily Ferret frames excuse,
Nought to his friend he could refuse ;
But---Sir, the talents you possess,
Exerted, cannot miss success :
Not far from hence there stands a barn
Of vast extent, well stor'd with corn ;

Hard

Hard are the times, and scarce is food,
Then venture for the public good ;
And what no rat or Ferret dare,
Boldly attempt, and forage there :
For one so cautious, brave, and wise,
May shun the furly owner's eyes.

The Weazel tries his skill, succeeds,
Breaks ope' the barn, in plenty feeds ;
Then carries home a load, and feasts,
Profusely, all his usual guests.

Long had he drove this precious trade,
And safe his depredations made :
That others property he eats,
Heeds not, but riots, squanders, treats,
Making no conscience of the crime,
In dissipation spends his time.

Some

Some signs of famine now appear,
The dearth was great, and corn was dear;
It's time to sell; the barn's unlock'd,
The farmer's sanguine hopes are mock'd:
He saw the direful havoc made,
And what remain'd away convey'd:
Redress expects not, nor relief,
But vengeance vows against the thief.

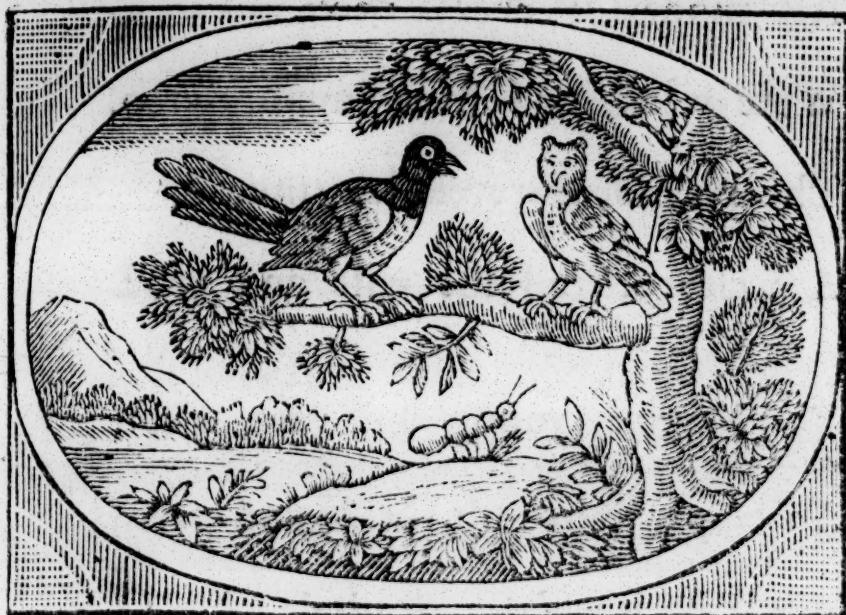
The Weazel, of this source bereft,
Soon all his friends neglect and left.
The Ferret felt a real sorrow,
Left his good friend should want---to borrow.
To save him from the cruel pain
To ask, and be refus'd again;
Went to the farmer, rolls his eyes,
And tells him where the robber lies:

'Twas

'Twas he who thus has plunder'd you,
No Ferret, Sir, the like would do ;
This I to tell, my duty thought,
Then let him suffer as he ought.

The farmer hear'd the Ferret's tale ;
Assur'd him that he would not fail
His kind advice to take, but first
Must sacrifice a wretch so curst ;
This all informers justly merit :
He spoke, and stamping, crush'd the Ferret.

The Weazel fought, and found with pains
out,
He catch'd at length, and knock'd his brains
out.



FABLE XX.

The MAGPIE, the OWL, and the CATERPILLAR.

To an unbelieving LADY.

WHAT various pow'rs of various
kinds

Are found in different human minds :

It's not the wisest, or the best,

That turns religion to a jest.

All infidels I ever knew
Were weak, and were immoral too.
The proofs of revelation shew'd,
Are clear to all the wise and good.

A Magpie, young and vain, alert,
An empty coxcomb, brisk and pert;
While he his antic gambols play'd,
Was taken, and to town convey'd:
He listen'd to his owner's chat,
As he convers'd of this and that;
He hear'd him scoff at heav'n and hell,
And quickly learn'd to talk as well;
Nor would keep silence for a minute,
Tho' all he said had little in it:

Well

Well tim'd or not, he still must talk ;
Said to my lord mayor, " walk knave, walk ;"
Would " room for cuckolds " loudly cry,
Tho' privy counsellors were by.
He on religion, like some folks,
Had learn'd to crack some curious jokes ;
And thus became this nimble prater
A most accomplish'd petit maitre.

Such wond'rous talents to display,
Back to the woods he wing'd his way ;
He bow'd to every bird he met,
And chatter'd fast to shew his wit ;
He mov'd with jantee air, took snuff,
At dancing was expert enough :
Rallied the crows, because, alack !
Like parsons, they appear'd in black ;

Altho' he would not seem uncivil,
Yet drop'd some hints about the devil.

Polite to all, but not a fowl
So much he doats on as an Owl;
Because, attentive and sedate,
She gravely listens to his prate.

This Owl was us'd, like other fools,
To sneer at well establish'd rules :
Whate'er she could not comprehend
Would always to despise pretend ;
Weakness, with formal airs disguise,
Like modern deists---just as wise.

These loving friends, of equal wit,
Each other's taste exactly hit :
A truth propos'd, if one should doubt it,
T'other would hear no more about it :

A fals-

A falshood told, whoever bore it,
If one believ'd, the other swore it.

I've hear'd, says Mag, strange news to-day,
The fun's about to wed, they say.

The fun to marry, Madge replies,
And op'd and shut her blinking eyes ;
Indeed this horrid match don't please me,
I want no other funs to teize me ;
But then may many a little fun,
Perhaps, all night his courses run.
I hope his purpose is not steady,
We've far too much of one already.

You're right, says Mag, no time like night ;
I'm most myself by candle light :
Full well th' enliv'ning taper seems
To serve each purpose, as his beams :

We

We of the beau monde sport and play
All night, and only sleep by day.

Whatever plan you might perpend on,
The thing's a fact you may depend on ;
And true philosophy, you know,
A certainty of this will shew.

The sun grows old, and how can one
Produce his like, that lives alone ?
Therefore in time he'll perish, or
No longer live a batchelor :
For as the world's eternal found,
What other way can bring things round ?
By procreation only then
Can other suns appear again.
My thesis, which so just and right is,
I've plainly prov'd by this forites.

It's

It's true, quoth Madge, your reas'ning's
found,

Your judgment strong, your skill profound;
In arguing closely you excel:

But when with men you us'd to dwell,
That some believe, I've hear'd you say,
This fun shall waste and fade away.

Yes, yes, says Mag, (to shew his wit,
Laughing as tho' his sides would split)
There are some fools, attir'd in black,
Who teach that all will go to rack;
That time will come when fun, earth, sea,
Shall all one hasty-pudding be;
And tho' no beasts, nor birds, yet men,
Shall rise, forsooth, and live again.
Half-witted wights alone such lies,
Such palpable absurdities

Would

Would e'er attempt to reconcile---

Well may such nonsense make you smile.

A Caterpillar, crawling near,

Had hearken'd with attentive ear :

Hear a poor insect's thoughts, he cries ;

You, Mag, so merry, Madge, so wise :

What seems absurd in men, to you,

For want of knowledge, may be true ;

Eye nature more in all her ways,

And thence your just conclusions raise.

A thing impossible you doubt is,

Because you understand not how 'tis ;

You may in me behold a change,

Which, as man's creed is full as strange ;

Who now a worm, whene'er I die,

Shall mount on wings, and cleave the sky.

F A B L E



FABLE XXI.

The DOVE and the ANT.

To a compassionate LADY.

IS there an eye that never flows
 From sympathy of other's woes?
 Is there an ear that still doth fail
 To tingle at a mournful tale?
 When scenes of fore distress are nigh,
 Hard is the heart that checks a sigh.

Y

If

If with neglect, or with disdain
We look on misery, grief, or pain ;
Or can suppress the rising groan,
For every suffering not our own :
In human shapes such souls that dwell,
A hedge-hog's form would suit as well.

By sympathising with distress,
We shall not find our comforts less ;
For with the anguish 'twill impart
A pleasure to the feeling heart.
How sweet the joys, the peace, and rest
That reign in every tender breast !
The meanest in distress, the wise
Will freely serve, and not despise.

A la-

A Lab'ring Ant, who half a league
Had drag'd his load with vast fatigue,
As trailing from a distant barn
A huge prodigious grain of corn;
Tottering, beneath the burthen bent,
Dissolv'd in sweat, his strength quite spent;
As many a weary step he took,
Along the margin of a brook,
He homeward trudg'd thro' thick and thin;
But miss'd a step and tumbled in:-
The dashing waves around him fly,
And foam and thunder to the sky.

So have I seen the planks that bear
Britannia's eager sons to war,
Rush from the stocks with fury down,
To distant view a falling town,

Lash the hoarse waves and stem the tide,
And o'er the billows proudly ride.

He toil'd, and, with unequal strife,
Panted, and struggled hard for life :
The waves come booming o'er his head,
His powers are gone, his hopes are fled ;
He flounces, plunges, strives in vain,
He sinks, then rising, floats again ;
Resists the stream, and holds his breath,
Despairs of help, and waits for death.

When lo ! a Dove, with pity mov'd,
“ For every living thing she lov'd,”
Beheld, with deep concern oppress'd,
The honest rustic thus distress'd ;
Just where she saw him gasping lie,
She pluck'd a twig, and drop'd it nigh.

He

He mounts like sailor on an oar,
Securely perch'd, and reach'd the shore;
Then shook his limbs, and rais'd his head,
And thus to his deliverer said:

To one unask'd, who could bestow
Such service, more than thanks I owe;
Receive, devoid of skill or art,
Th' effusions of a grateful heart:
You may partake of all I hoard,
Sure of a welcome at my board.

The gentle Dove, with smiles replies,
And meekness beaming from her eyes:
The highest joys on earth, we find,
Spring from a tender feeling mind;
The soft sensations rising there,
Repay with interest all our care:

Where

Where kindness is to others shown,
Imparting bliss, we form our own.
Sweet is the in-felt joy that flows
From kind relief of other's woes ;
The bosom that with pity burns,
Bless'd in itself, wants no returns.

She spoke : and, mounting, spreads her
And wheels aloft in airy rings, (wings,
Seeking the well-known shady grove,
To nurse her young and bless her love.

When winter's snows deform'd the year,
And food was scarce the frost severe,
The grateful Ant, who had with pain
Amass'd a monstrous load of grain ;
And as the Dove might want, he thought,
To find his benefactor, fought.

Long

Long had he rov'd the forest round,
Before the gentle Dove he found ;
At distance seen, too far to hear
His voice ; a sportsman much too near,
With lifted tube, and levelling eye,
The fatal lead prepar'd to fly ;
The trigger just began to move,
His aim was pointed at the Dove.

With horror struck, the Ant beheld ;
By gratitude and love impell'd,
He mounts, and to his ancle clings,
With all his force the fowler stings,
That moment was his piece discharg'd ;
He starts, miss'd aim ; the Dove's enlarg'd.

Pleas'd with the thought of service done,
The man's revenge he tries to shun ;

In

In haste the flying Dove pursued,
As wand'ring thro' the leafless wood;
'Till settling on a tree he finds her,
And of their mutual help reminds her.

We wisely act, my worthy friend,
Says he, when we assistance lend;
And when for that the meanest call,
The joy resulting is not all;
It's prudent too, there's none so low
To whom we may not favors owe:
Freedom, and life itself oft springs
From small and despicable things.
He that is wise will ne'er refuse
Others with tenderness to use:
Whene'er we lend to others aid,
We surely shall be well repaid.

F A B L E



FABLE XXII.

The LEOPARD and the MONKEY.

TO a NOBLEMAN.

TO peers we just *distinction* show,
Esteem to virtue only owe,
 With due respect, unroll'd I see
 His lordship's antient pedigree;
 Yet am not clear that he inherits
 His great, great, great, great grandfire's merits:

Z

I read

I read *their* virtues on record,
In *him* can only find---my lord.

Would he the title merit too,
Virtue and sense must prove it true.
No coronets the brows adorn
Of fools, however nobly born ;
If vice degrades, it matters not
To whom akin, by whom begot :
Contempt and scorn, and just disgrace
Attend on a degenerate race.

You every sycophant must slight,
Would you appear in proper light :
If all your own defects you'd hide,
In none but virtuous men confide ;
For if an agent's knave or fool,
His lord's expos'd to ridicule.

By

By such your bounteous aims are crost,
And all the good design'd is lost.

The moon, one day eclips'd, begun
To mourn, and thus address'd the sun ;
Why does my dearest friend decline
His favors, and no longer shine ?

Indeed, says he, I shine and shew
Such kindness as I us'd to do ;
But if by you I am not seen,
Some dirty planet rolls between.

Let those who wealth and pow'r possess,
All their dependants strive to bless ;
Cautious no scoundrel to employ,
Who'd drain their bags, their blifs destroy :
Such wretch betwixt them interpos'd,
Blasts all the joy his lord propos'd.

A Leopard of a noble strain,
Possess'd a wood and spacious plain ;
Respected by the beasts that know him,
He mildly govern'd all below him.
All were contented with the care
Of honest, purfy agent Bear,
Who waddled on and did his best,
Tho' somewhat fatter than the rest.

His lord approv'd him, 'till arose
A Monkey, selfish and morose ;
Cunning, not wise, but in all shapes,
A grinning perfect jackanapes :
By lies and wiles he prov'd the ruin
Of harmless unsuspecting Bruin.

No sooner was the Bear disgrac'd,
And in his room the Monkey plac'd,

But

But Pug began to play his tricks, and
To plunge his master in a quicksand :
He to the Leopard's table brought
Each day a fawn, and sheep, and goat ;
For many beasts were brib'd to watch 'em,
And droves of wolves employ'd to catch 'em ;
His lord was feasted high, and swore
None pleas'd him half so well before ;
For former agents all agreed
To stint him, and promote the breed :
They knew their lord himself must fall,
If once he should destroy them all.

But Pug, by pride and avarice blinded,
His own advantage only minded,
To please his lord, and to secure
Provision for the present hour,

Soon

Soon as they high in favor found him,
A thousand monkies chatter'd round him :
They cringe and fawn their court to make,
And of his favors all partake ;
A field to one, a grove to t' other
Is giv'n, a mansion to another :
The antient tenants chas'd and routed,
All to make room for Monkies, outed ;
Their services and use forgot,
May fly their country, starve, or rot.
What then ? his selfish schemes pursuing,
Pug thrives upon the public ruin.

Now various shifts the Monkey tries,
To skreen his fraud, his arts and lies ;
For all the Leopard's vast domain,
No beasts but Monkies now maintain :

Provi-

Provision's scarce, he racks his mind
Supply from time to time to find.
With hunger pinch'd, the Leopard roars,
The beasts are fled, destroy'd the stores :
Some stratagem must Pug invent
To feed his lord, or circumvent.

The heart that is not good, will stick
At no nefarious dirty trick ;
To shun disgrace, or heap up pelf
Will thousands slay, if safe himself ;
Without remorse, to gain his ends,
Would kill his best, his dearest friends.

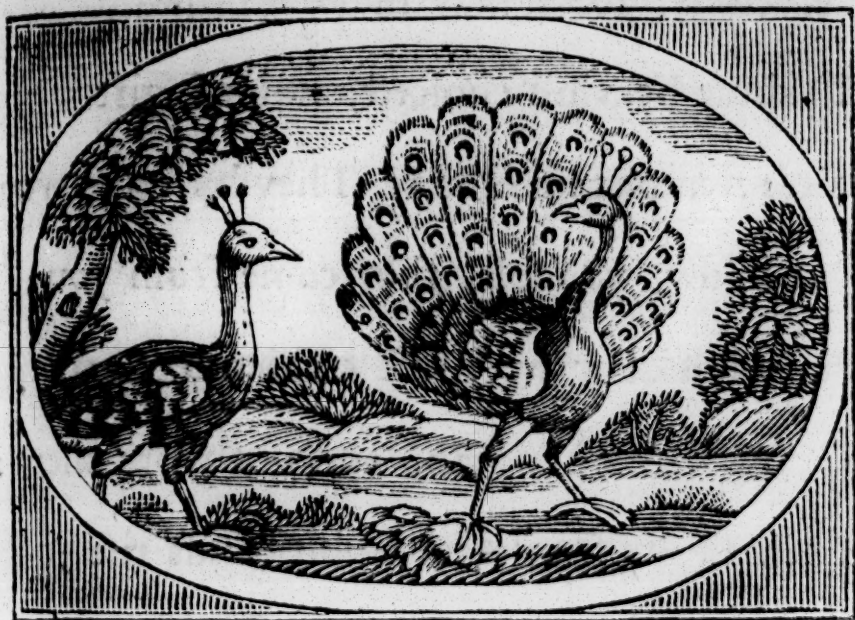
My lord, says he, the Monkies fought
And plenteous loads of viands brought ;
But as they hither drag'd the prey,
A Leopard met them in their way ;

By

By force he seiz'd your destin'd food;
And scour'd along to yonder wood.

With rage inflam'd, his lord replies,
Come, shew me where the robber lies:
Be witness to the noble strife,
I'll soon destroy the villain's life.

Elated with his hopeful scheme,
Pug leads him to a limpid stream;
See there, my lord, the caitiff hides:
The Leopard foam'd and lash'd his sides,
With bristling spots and sparkling eyes,
His own reflected image spies:
He springs, he flies to seize his foe,
And meets a wat'ry death below.



FABLE XXIII.

The PEA-FOWLS.

To a HUSBAND.

THE mortal is a fool that's blind
To all the charms of womankind;
On them kind nature did bestow
Whate'er is worth our love below:

A a

Per-

Perversely, fools may make a shift
T' abuse heav'n's choicest, noblest gift.
Have nymphs no faults? They have it's true,
But know, ye fools, they came from you;
For whatsoe'er we must condemn
Sprang first from man, and not from them:
Their faults from fires or husbands rise;
They're always *good* when men are *wise*.

All that's engaging, mild, and sweet
Do in the female bosom meet;
Those talents, where's the man of sense
But can with ease elicit thence?
With love the husband's soul should glow,
With soft good-nature overflow;
By all endearing methods strive
To keep the gentle flame alive:

Behave

Behave with due respect and ease ;
In smallest trifles try to please :
By every tender, soothing art
Delight the mind and melt the heart.
From constant efforts aim'd to blefs,
Springs an exalted happiness ;
And he that all his pow'rs employs
To please, will feel refined joys.

Then cease to cast illiberal blame ;
If you're unhappy, take the shame :
Would you the highest pleasures taste,
In pleasing let your blifs be plac'd.
If you're good-humor'd, fond and wise,
Then all complaint of woman dies.

A Peacock, noisy, pert and vain,
Admirer of his gaudy train,
At freedom sported, in a wood,
Was never at a loss for food;
When thirsty, in a neighb'ring rill
Survey'd himself, and dip'd his bill;
In stately port would swell and move,
And swore such charms were form'd for love.

One Pea-hen, singled from the rest,
He fondly woo'd, and warmly press'd;
That o'er her heart he might prevail,
Rustled his wings and shew'd his tail:
He stalks around, she pleas'd beholds
The various dyes his neck unfolds,
And while his daily vows he tender'd,
Flirted a while, at length surrender'd.

Now

Now all things settled, who but they ?

So happy, and they bill'd away ;

Close to each other's side they kept,

Together walk'd, fed, sip'd, and slept ;

So fond a pair ! their am'rous sport

Made day and night seem wond'rous short :

But e'er the honey-moon had lasted,

Were these exstatic raptures blasted.

It chanc'd they found themselves beset,

One night, and tangled in a net :

Now to be kept for show design'd,

Their wings are clipt, their walk confin'd ;

They're shun'd by birds of different feather,

And always *forc'd* to live together.

He soon grows cool, and what was worse,

His looks are sour, his words are coarse ;

He

He frets, he rails, for freedom sighs ;
She by endearing meekness tries
To sooth, to comfort, to appease
And charm him to content and ease ;
But still the more submissive she,
The more tyranical is he.

You see, my dear, our destin'd lot,
Be past unkindness all forgot ;
So closely now for life united,
Let's be as heretofore delighted,
And in each other strive to find
Whate'er can ease, or calm the mind.

Sullen he hear'd, and peevish cries,
Madam, I own, you're mighty wise ;
But had your wisdom shun'd the net,
We'd had no reason then to fret :

You

You were the cause---indeed, my love---
Deny it not, for I can prove---
What can't be help'd---be help'd, what then?
No more can sickness, death, or pain;
Yet surely we're allow'd to groan:
Pray leave me to myself alone.

Words follow words, he snaps and taunts,
Derides her tears, upbraids her wants;
Her temper sour'd, at length she burns
With rage, and all his scorn returns:
She found him studious to displease her,
Say the most cutting things to teize her;
Resolves to throw off all restraint,
And give him cause for just complaint.

Now are the pair at constant strife;
He carps, and she's a very wife:

He

He tries all methods to perplex her,
And even breaks her eggs to vex her :
She, growing more and more uneasy,
Twits, chafes, and makes him almost crazy.
No bounds their mutual hatred knows ;
From wordy war, they fall to blows :
They peck, they scuffle, tear and cuff,
Nor can express revenge enough ;
'Tho' by their careful owner parted,
Each died soon after broken-hearted.

F A B L E



FABLE XXIV.

The HAWK and the PARTRIDGE.

To a mercenary LADY.

CAN Laura, beauteous, young and gay,
On Gripus throw herself away?
Maturely weigh the wretched case
Of yielding to a loath'd embrace;

B b

The

The thousand acres he manures
Are wretched cause to wish him your's :
As well you might your heart incline
To wish Peruvian mountains thine.
For thou, by nature form'd to prove
Refinements of exalted love,
Should'st chuse the man who in return
Can with the noblest passion burn ;
Whose only bus'ness, study, care,
Shall tend to charm and bless the fair ;
Who every moment will employ
To spread and elevate your joy.

But rest assur'd you'll ne'er possess
With sordid Gripus happiness :
With aims and tempers so contrary,
You must be blind and mad to marry :

So

So soon as you commence his wife,
You're stamp'd a mournful wretch for life.

I'll teach you how to shun the way
That leads the devious nymph astray,
And under fiction truths impart
To weed the mind and form the heart.

A Partridge, beauteous, young and vain,
Was follow'd by a flattering train,
Who prais'd her plumes, her form extoll'd,
And burst in raptures when she *call'd*.
Like other belles, she swam along,
And look'd neglectful at the throng;
While aching bosoms pant and quiver,
Vows pour profuse and feathers shiver,

In pitty patty step she'd pace,
Or hum a tune, with vacant face.
Her heart deprav'd, was only set
Grandeur and pomp and wealth to get;
So selfish, that she still prefer'd
The richest to the loveliest bird.

When love of lucre taints the mind,
It's to no other love inclin'd:
This hateful passion once impress'd,
Like Aaron's rod, devours the rest.

A Hawk, with beak in blood imbrued,
To gain her favor humbly sued;
He swore he from the murdering trade
A perfect proselyte was made:
Such service had her beauty done him,
Her eyes had quite reform'd and won him.

My

My pretty bird, with me you'll share
The boundless regions of the air ;
The sovereign of a thousand fields
His all to thee, sweet mistress, yields.

With trembling horror first impress'd,
She felt aversion seize her breast,
But often sooth'd, she learns to bear
His converse with a patient ear ;
Her bosom fir'd with thirst of power,
Charm'd with the prospect of her dower ;
(For none had yet apply'd to mis, .
As lover, half so rich as this)
She, therefore, to indulge her pride,
Consents at length to be his bride.

Soon cloy'd with matrimonial sweets,
How oft the wife indifference meets !

Of mercenary views suspected,
The dame's despised and neglected.
Two kindred souls alone can join,
Where friendship and esteem combine,
Whose hearts with mutual love must glow
To form a perfect bliss below.

The Partridge, muttering, would inveigh
Against voracious birds of prey :
She drop'd some hints that glanc'd too near,
And pierc'd the tyrant husband's ear ;
Indignant scorn began to sprout,
(Resentment smother'd will break out :)
He scruples not before her face
To seize and rend the feather'd race,
Regardless of their dying groans,
To churn their blood and crash their bones.

Her

Her fruitless cries unmov'd he bore ;
Remonstrance only vex'd him more.

As once she loudly did complain,
He answer'd thus her peevish strain ;
With all these fields, by nuptial vow,
Did I not mistress Hawk endow ;
And may you not at freedom rove
Around the plains, or thrid the grove ?
Is there a single bird that dare
Molest your journey thro' the air ?
Surely if all you ask is thine,
On what I please, may I not dine ?

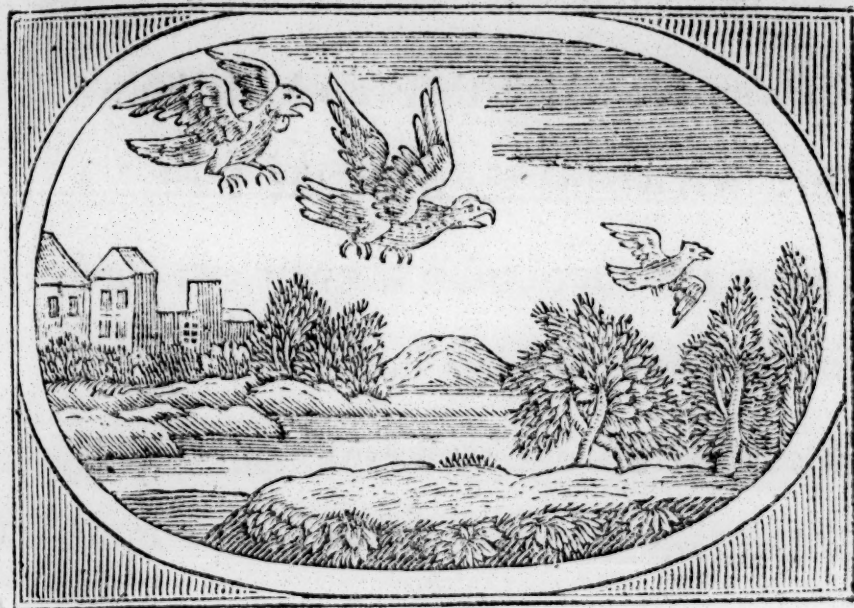
She answer'd pert ; such horrid ways
May well a gentle bird displease :
Unfeeling brute, to treat me so ;
Can any Partridge bear it ? No.

When

When altercations once begin,
Like torrents, woes come rushing in.
Their railings sting, with mutual smart ;
In *one* thing both agree---to part ;
So, lest their wranglings should be endless,
He drove her from him, helpless, friendless.

Since this, as tho' they learn'd of man,
Hawks prey on Partridge when they can.

F A B L E



FABLE XXV.

The WANDERING DOVE.

To a rambling LADY.

IN vain for blifs will matrons roam,
Their joys are all confin'd to home :
Wife and fireside, as join'd by tether,
Should always take their tour together.

C c

Must

Must married ladies pleasure scorn,
Pleasure, for which they're wholly born?
Were that denied them by the bard,
Well might they judge his precepts hard;
No, let them all their hours employ
To chase their ills and raise their joy:
He'd only point the plainest road
That leads to virtue's blest abode,
Where real solid pleasures rest;
Nor turn his morals to a jest.

Forgive, ye fair, the honest truth
That guides to happiness your youth:
For pleasure form'd, ah! do not miss
The sweetest, truest, highest bliss;
Nor can you err, when once it's known
Wherein consists that bliss alone.

Would

Would you be truly happy here,
Then never quit your proper sphere :
Nature with tenderneſs deſign'd
To guard your frame and fill your mind :
For you ſhe ne'er decreed the pains
To ſwell the ſail, or guide the reins,
To wield the ſword, or dangers ſhare,
To turn the glebe, or hardships bear.

Leave then the hardy ſex to try
The horrors of a diſtant ſky ;
To ſearch the ſpacious globe around,
'Till all that's worth your care is found :
Their utmoſt wiſh your ſmiles to meet,
And lay the whole beneath your feet.

Theſe are their aims---be your's to bleſs,
To form domeſtic happineſs ;

Your thoughts confin'd to home, and be
Your husband all the world to thee.

The prudent wife, from morn to night,
Receives and gives refin'd delight :
To rear her offspring, she that's wife
Will all the joys on earth despise ;
For all her bus'ness, all her care
Is fix'd at home, and center'd there.

A Dove, some thousand years ago,
(Experience makes them wiser now)
Indulg'd a fatal wish to rove ;
She left her young, and left her love :
To visit only she intends
Some near relations and some friends ;

Stretch-

Stretching her wings, away she flew,
And bade her forrowing mate adieu.

As travelling on, a lime-twigg view'd,
Some tempting tares around it strew'd ;
Thither she wings her way with speed,
Of danger thoughtless, 'lights to feed :
The tares she pecks, she crams her crop,
Surveys the branch, and perch'd at top ;
Fallacious perch ! in vain the Dove
Attempts her fasten'd feet to move ;
In vain she beats the viscous glue,
Her fluttering wings are fasten'd too.

A lurking boy at distance eyes
With joy, and ran and seiz'd the prize :
But while he cleans her feet and wings,
His grasp eluding, up she springs.

So

So nearly 'scap'd the jaws of death,
She trem'bling mounts and pants for breath;
When lo! a Hawk, with piercing eye,
Beheld her staggering thro' the sky;
In rapid wheels, he marks his way,
Prepar'd to fouse and truss his prey:
Just then another Hawk he hear'd,
Who from the adverse heav'n appear'd;
He call'd aloud, fir Hawk forbear,
I claim this morsel for my share:
Enrag'd, the first attacks his foe
Their ardent breasts with fury glow;
With mutual hate inflam'd enough,
They scream, they spar, they tear, they cuff.
Mean while the Dove, with aching heart,
To speed her way tries all her art:

Faint,

Faint, spent, and ready just to fall,
She 'lights upon a garden wall.

In thought secure, she rests her limbs,
But sorely rues her wandering whims ;
Resolves, if once she finds her home,
She never more will wish to roam.

The gard'ner saw her prune her wings;
With all his force a stone he flings,
His hop'd-for supper struck, and fell
Hard by the wall into a well :
The well was dry, where stun'd she lay,
Nor could the gard'ner find his prey.

With hunger pinch'd, with bruises worn,
She sleepless groans and waits for morn:
At length the tardy morn appears,
She strives to rise, surmounts her fears,

She

She seeks the home she shun'd before---
The light'nings flash, the thunders roar,
A boisterous tempest sweeps the plain,
In torrents falls the heavy rain ;
Stung with the thoughts of home, she flies,
All hardships, dangers, storms defies,
With eager wing and panting breast,
In home alone resolv'd to rest ;
Nor all the furious winds that blow
Retard her flight, she labor'd so :
Her strenuous utmost efforts tried
To nestle at her comfort's side :
Her home she reach'd ; at home secur'd,
Of all her wandering freaks was cur'd.

F A B L E



FABLE XXVI.

The TURTLE *and the* EPICURE.

To an IRISH NOBLEMAN.

INDEED, my Lord, I know not why
 Men from their native country fly,
 To seek vexation, grief and care,
 Possess'd of ease and affluence there.

D d

The

The Laplander and Hottentot,
The Welch, the Swifs, nay ev'n the Scot,
Find in their hearts fenfations move
Of their refpective country's love.

Feel not the Irish fuch emotion
Tow'rd the beft ifland in the ocean ?
For hills, vales, rivers, meads and fields,
Hibernia to no country yields.
Nor is there any nation boasts
Such peopled feas, fuch fertile coasts ;
A clime fo temperate is not given
To any region under heaven.
No mortal can a wifh conceive
For what Ierne cannot give :
Her fons for valor gain the prize,
Her daughters claim the fineft eyes :

Go,

Go, search the spacious earth around,

It's *here* alone that beauty's found.

Tho' in her air I was not born,

I pity emigrants, or scorn

Who to indulgent nature owe

All that her bounty can bestow,

Yet leave those favors to engage

Heats, colds, storms, and the lightning's rage.

IN the Atlantic ocean's bed

His happy life a Turtle led;

In ooze he with his comfort lay,

Frisking the joyous hours away :

When, lo ! a tantram seiz'd his brain,

The sea's too small for his domain :

D d 2

Tho'

Tho' blest'd with all that heart could wish,
Belov'd by every neighbor fish ;
Of land he'd hear'd, would know what is it,
Resolves to pay that land a visit :
To see the world away he scuds,
And leaves his consort in the suds.
At land arriv'd, he seeks the meads,
On dainty flowers and forrel feeds.

An Epicure, who saw him glide,
And in a bed of rushes hide ;
Calls to his men, behold a treat,
For turtle's most delicious meat :
They seiz'd the victim, dress'd him well,
Devour'd his flesh and sav'd his shell.

F A B L E



FABLE XXVII.

The PELICAN and the 'CUCKOO.

To an amiable MATRON.

IS there a heart that doth not move
With feelings of maternal love?
What sweet distress, what pleasing cares,
What soothing pains a mother shares!
The hopes, fears, joys and sorrows felt
At once her tender bosom melt:

Nor

Nor can the fondness be express'd
That glows within a mother's breast.

'Twas the first blessing heaven design'd,
When love the human heart refin'd;
But none so strong, so soft appears,
So warms, transports, or so endears,
Such and so kind returns requires,
As what the matron's heart inspires.

A Cuckoo, ranging o'er the wood,
Beheld a bird distain'd with blood;
Her sanguine feathers rais'd his fear,
And sure, he cries, some fowler's near:
Are you much hurt? we'd better hide---
When thus the Pelican reply'd:

I suffer

I suffer nothing, nor have found
Any involuntary wound.

Bless me ! what means that bloody breast ?
Your mind's disturb'd, you need some rest ;
For, says the Cuckoo, ne'er before
Was bird alive so drench'd in gore.

Courteous, the Pelican rejoin'd :
You much mistake my state of mind ;
No language can the joys impart
That softly thrill and melt my heart.
Whene'er my young for hunger cry,
To save whose lives I'd gladly die ;
Tho' I'm for want of food distress'd,
With my sharp beak I pierce my breast,
And to supply their lack of food,
Well pleas'd, support them with my blood.

The

The Cuckoo star'd, amaz'd he heeds
The Pelican, who thus proceeds :
You think my tale as strange as true ;
Such pleasures are not felt by you :
No anxious cares your thoughts controul,
Or finer feelings of the soul ;
I taste a tender fond delight,
And duty makes my suff'rings light :
So exquisite the joys I gain,
They're only heighten'd by the pain.

While you forlorn, and stranger, rove,
To the delicious pangs of love ;
By no connecting passions stir'd ;
A selfish, foolish, worthless bird ;
I've even hear'd a fowler say,
Shot is on Cuckoos thrown away.

F A B L E



FABLE XXVIII.

The BEAR and the BEAVERS.

TO a FOREIGNER.

RESOLV'D to quit your native home,
Thro' unknown foreign climes to
roam ;

Would you from strangers welcome find,
You must not leave good sense behind :

E e

This

This you may learn at small expence,
Good breeding's but refin'd good sense.

You'll oft in course of travelling view
And meet with customs strange and new ;
Folly suggests they're all amiss,
To him who finds them not like his.

Doth not good manners loudly call,
At least, for due respect to all ?
The weak or ignorant only claim
Our pity ; such it's rude to blame.

There are some customs which appear
Wrong, view'd at distance, right, when near :
Of these, the bearings, source and ties,
Are justly ponder'd by the wise ;
Cautious, they shun to give offence,
By carping at a nation's sense ;

Nor

Nor, above all, a laugh will raise
At worship shewn in different ways.

AMIDST perennial snows, a Bear,
Who first in Lapland tasted air,
That foreign climes he might survey,
Projects a tour to Hudson's bay.
Though his shag coat look'd well enough,
His manners were extremely rough ;
Yet, in his own opinion, he
Was as polite as Bear could be.

He stops, and with importance struts,
Where busy Beavers build their huts ;
And, as he pass'd among the crowd,
They look'd, and at the stranger bow'd.

Bless me ! says he, the rabble stare,
How monstrously ill-bred they are !

What strange vile paultry cabins these !
How ill their taste with mine agrees !
A temple too---that's mighty odd ;
These fools must think that there's a god ;
With all their wisdom, if they pray,
Ev'n men are wiser far than they.

Hold, says a Beaver ; don't abuse
Buildings, when ignorant of their use :
My breth'ren look'd and bow'd, it's true,
To shew respect to strangers due :
Altho' we worship in our way,
That men are wrong we do not say.
It is, because you little know,
That you misjudge and reason so ;
To cramping prejudice a slave---
None but a Bear could thus behave.



FABLE XXIX.

The Cock and the Goose.

To a Country LADY.

WE often see a hopeful child
By scanty education spoil'd;
What narrow selfish thoughts will roll
In every mean contracted soul!
Just education only can
Expand the heart, and form the man.

How

How unextended views will shrink
The mind that ne'er was taught to think !
Confin'd ideas, wanting room,
Will cramp and fix the soul at home.

To philosophic eyes, this ball
Of earth itself's exceeding small,
Compar'd, ev'n in this system, to
Material worlds within our view ;
Yet stars on stars, the learned teach,
Yea all the piercing eye can reach,
Compar'd with what eludes the eye,
Is barely not non-entity.

Beyond our view, what worlds extend,
No human power can comprehend ;
Nor was imagination brought
To grasp their numbers ev'n in thought :

Infinite

Infinite space must still contain
What soaring fancy cannot feign.

Can there exist such senseless elves
As center all things in themselves?
There surely can ; for t'other day,
As thro' the fields I took my way,
Near a farm-yard my path I miss'd,
And stop'd to hear a Goose that hiss'd :
In solemn pomp he swell'd his breast,
And thus his consequence express'd ;

ALL things were formed for my use,
And to my pleasure all conduce :
For me those forked slaves were born,
To sow and reap, and thresh my corn ;

To

To sink my pond, my mansion raise,
And mow the meads that I may graze :
The sun flames out to give me light ;
Departs, that I may rest by night.

A Cock, who, 'mongst a numerous brood,
Was scraping near the place for food,
Thus interrupts :---Says he, I'll show
None but a Goose could reason so :
As far as Goose can think, you're right,
But as to man mistaken quite.
You'll shortly find yourself outwitted,
For Cocks and hens by *him* are spitted.

It's true, he gives you many a treat ;
For men will write, and men must eat ;
But only crams you for his use---
He plucks the quills and roasts the Goose.



FABLE XXX.

The GAME-COCKS and the HAWK.

TO A DIVINE.

IT is a most notorious matter,
 Authors each other will bespatter :
 Altho' th' affair is nothing new,
 Methinks it's no less strange than true.
 Each poet will abuse his brother ;
 " Wits are game-cocks to one another."

F f

Base

Base and malignant are the men
Who ridicule the moral pen ;
Let those who virtue would impart
Be honor'd for their honest heart :
If weak their efforts, mean their lays,
Th' attempt at least must merit praise ;
And if their heads we can't approve,
Goodness of heart demands our love.

Critics may justly take offence
At them who would mislead our sense ;
Or brand with scorn the monsters, who
Paint vice in an alluring view.

How can such words discordant join,
As these, *polemic* and *divine* ?
Can holy men such rancor own,
As 'twixt two combatants is shown ?

Their

Their hearts are wrong, when thus they fight,
Altho' their heads and faith be right.

Disputes and cavils never tend

The mind to calm, or heart to mend ;

By all the champions logic made,

No virtuous sentiment's convey'd,

And yet one virtue, e'er so small,

Peace to such works, is worth them all.

ONCE on a time, in angry mood,

Two feather'd heroes crowing stood ;

Defiance in their eye-balls lower'd,

They both abhorr'd and scorn'd a coward,

With mutual hate and fury stung,

Each at his adverse rival sprung ;

They cuff, they pluck, they tear ; the blood
Runs trick'ling in a purple flood ;
'Till, breathing quick, fatigued and faint,
Their pow'rs are gone, their strength is spent :
Exhausted, fall'n, they panting lie ;
Yet both resolv'd to kill or die.

A Hawk, who view'd the ardent foes,
Receive and deal such deadly blows,
Beheld with joy the wretched plight
To which they were reduc'd by fight.

Thus weaken'd, he address'd the Cocks :
Such fools as you are prey for Hawks :
Neither alone I durst invade,
'Till you yourselves defenceless made.
This said, he, heedless of their groans,
Peck'd out their eyes, and strip'd their bones.

F A B L E



FABLE XXXI.

The RATS and the Fox.

TO A LAWYER.

THE lawyers grave, expert, and wise,
 To split distinctions wond'rous nice,
 All to discriminate agree
 Between what's law and equity:
 They must confess, however loth,
 That justice differs much from both.

TWO

TWO Rats, of Scandinavian breed,
To take a journey once agreed ;
If scant their fare, if coarse the weather,
Would still jog on and keep together :
What prey each took, by justice guided,
Should be in equal parts divided.

One day, as wandering at their ease,
They found a swinging lump of cheese ;
The dainty morsel with delight
They saw, and soon as seen would bite :
But both demur, perplex'd with care,
How each should get his proper share.
They snap, speak short, and words flow quicker,
For Rats as well as men will bicker ;
Begin to quarrel, scold and threat,
For cheese is most delightful meat,

Worth

Worth wrang'ling for ; at last agree
They would, to wave all enmity,
And save the pain of bites and knocks,
Submit the cause to lawyer Fox.

The Fox demurely hear'd each one,
Assur'd them justice should be done.
To shew that right by law prevails,
He takes an even pair of scales,
Then cuts the luncheon just in two,
That each may have exact his due.

It's but a trifle I shall levy
Upon ye ; stop, this lump's too heavy ;
What's to be done ? he takes a bite,
And then that piece was much too light :
From t'other bit a mouthful takes,
And thus the first too weighty makes.

They

They stare at him and one another,
While nibb'ling one piece, then the other:
It's needless, sir, at length they cried,
With such precision to divide;
Give us at least what now remains,
You're well rewarded for your pains.

Hold, friends, says he, and still goes on;
For, trust me, justice shall be done.
I've hit it now---I know my trade---
How just an equilibrium's made!
From each I claim the self same fee;
So both these bits belong to me.



FABLE XXXII.

The FOX and the SQUIRREL.

TO a MONOPOLIST.

WE view with joy the selfish man,
 Who forges a destructive plan,
 Outwitted, fall a sacrifice
 To his own cunning, fraud and lies.
 May mischief ever them pursue,
 Who would to others mischief do.

AS thro' a wood, in quest of prey,
A greedy Fox pursued his way,
He, sharply looking, chanc'd to see
A Squirrel perch'd upon a tree ;
To catch, he calls up all his wit,
The pretty, little, dainty bit.

He paus'd a while, then lifts his eyes,
As tho' thro' glafs he view'd the skies ;
Then turn'd, and bow'd with such grimaces,
As courtiers use who fawn for places :
And thus he spoke : good morning to you ;
Pray how d'you do ? I'm glad to see you :
How beauteous art thou, nimble creature,
Of squirrels there is none completer :
How like thy father, whom I know,
And oft have seen leap to and fro,

With

With wanton ease, from tree to tree.

Ev'n so can I, rejoined she.

Vain of his praise, pleas'd with his chat,
She leap'd from this tree, then to that.

He look'd around, and saw a stump ;
Says he, your fire to that could jump---
She sprang, but slipping from the top,
She fell, and Reynard snatch'd her up.

Now, struggling in his jaws she lay,
And try'd and pray'd to get away.
Pray hear me, neighbor Fox, says she ;
I knew your antient family ;
Devout they were, and never eat
But said their grace before their meat.

That's very true, he made reply,
They said their grace, and so will I.

Opening his mouth, his grace to say,
Out scrambled Scrug and ran away ;
Her little limbs she soon distended,
And up the tree again ascended ;
Then hallo'd from her safe retreat,
Your grace you've said, but where's your
meat ?



FABLE XXXIII.

The LION and the HORSE.

TO a GENERAL.

WHAT glory doth the chief display,
Who, murth'ring thousands, wins
the day !

See men their fellow men engage,

On perfect strangers spend their rage ;

While

While riding on the wings of fire,
The deathful balls proclaim their ire :
The mangled trunks are crush'd with scorn,
Because in other regions born.
The tremb'ling muse averts her eyes,
When scenes of blood and carnage rise.

A Lion roaming o'er the glade,
Where once a Horse by chance had stray'd;
Who, soon as seen, the royal brute did
Profoundly bow to, and saluted:
May't please your majesty to know,
To war I with my master go ;
His foes assembled in a throng,
At least are forty thousand strong.

How bad a man, the Lion cries,
To make so many enemies :

Such

Such numbers---why, he's mad to meet 'em;
Could he kill all, he could not eat 'em.

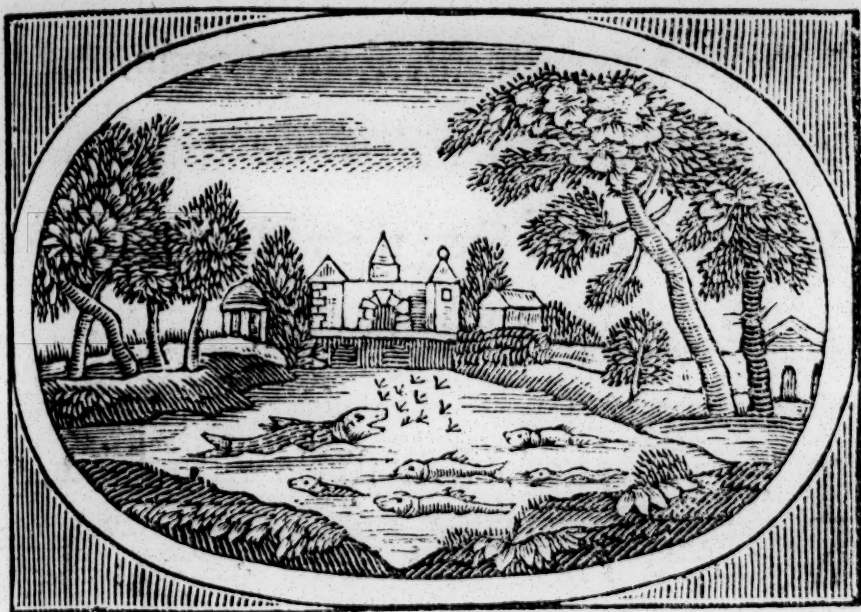
They never saw his face before,
But he commands as many more;
Who at his word, replies the Horse,
Will cut their throats without remorse:
Who their foes are is ne'er enquired,
They only kill because they're hired.
Th' opposing ranks together come,
At trumpet's sound, and beat of drum;
The cannon play, the music cheers,
While death in all his pomp appears:
'Tis but a sport, and he can boast
The noblest fame that flays the most.

You tell me wonders, says the Lion,
If these are truths I can rely on.

Believe

Believe me, Sire, the Horfe rejoin'd,
All men are of a captious mind ;
And do, in spite of all their morals,
Rejoice in wrangles, cuffs and quarrels.

The shaggy monarch shook his head,
Paus'd for a while, then thus he said :
Is this the vaunt of reason then,
Among the senseless sons of men ?
If reason form such horrid plan,
Exciting man to murder man ;
If war's a game, if great guns *play*,
If men their breth'ren kill for pay ;
If wanton slaughter make them fall,
When neither wrath nor hunger call ;
If boasted reason thus can slide,
Be honest nature still my guide.



FABLE XXXIV.

The DAINTY PIKE.

To an old MAID.

YOU were by nature form'd to blefs;
 Fifty, and still a virgin? yes:

What ſtrange perversion of the mind,
 That none thy gentle heart inclin'd,
 Which once was able, to beſtow
 The moſt conſummate bliſs below!

H h

Now

Now disappointment, four chagrin,
And hopes, fears, wishes war within;
While cares and keen repentance vex---
A beacon held to all thy sex.

IN a vast pond, well stor'd with fishes,
A glutton Pike indulg'd his wishes;
By turns regal'd his dainty maw
With all the various forts he saw.

The pond, with fish of various ranks,
By swelling rains o'erflow'd it's banks,
The rising waters carried him,
With others, to a neighb'ring stream;
There stopping, with a careless eye,
He view'd the fish come swimming by.

Some

Some carp roll'd on : --- (why, carp are good,
When hunger craves, delicious food ;
But something better must delight
His present squeamish appetite. ---)

Then tench, then perch, with fins so ruddy ;
The perch too small, the tench were muddy ;
Carp, tench, and perch allure in vain,
To pass permitted, with disdain.

He'll wait 'till more desire he feels ;
And sniffs his nose at wrigg'ling eels.

A shoal of gudgeons swam along ;
He look'd contemptuous at the throng ;
So much their betters scorn'd, what dudgeon
Refuse such fish, and feed on gudgeon ?

He wish'd, indeed, to see some trout,
But as it happen'd, none came out.

When all the finny folks were past,
He felt his stomach come at last :
Th' occasions flip'd he now regrets ;
He looks around, and pines and frets,
And gladly, having miss'd his prey,
Would find a minnow in his way :
For want of fish he could despise,
Forc'd to a scanty meal of flies.

Ah ! Celia, let the moral strike,
Demur not like the Dainty Pike.



F A B L E XXXV.

The GUINEY-HEN and other BIRDS.

TO a PRUDE.

YOU hide your face behind your fan,
And shun that horrid creature, man;

Whene'er he lifts his eyes, he's rude---

Yet, trust me, all suspect a prude:

Defects to cover, is the task,

That's learn'd by those who wear a mask;

For

For real sentiments concealing,
We must surmise of double dealing :
When once the solemn maid's detected,
She's justly laugh'd at, and neglected.

A Guiney-Hen, by all allow'd
A pretty bird amongst a crowd ;
With coy reserve, or cool disdain
Regarded all the suitor train.

As once, with stately air and mien,
She sat in coterie the queen ;
A chattering Pie began to woo,
Just as your pretty fellows do ;
Such beauties, m'e'm, that shape, that air !
No angel's form is half so fair :

In those bright eyes what light'nings shine;
Such limbs, such charms; you're quite divine!

Ah! gentle Mag. these strains forbear,
The blushes of a virgin spare;
Resolv'd to lead a single life,
I hate the shocking name of wife.

A Sparrow, with a faucy ease,
Possess'd of conscious power to please,
Attacks, with flippant tongue and strings,
A thousand soft unmeaning things.

Tho' pleas'd at heart, she sternly frown'd,
And fix'd her eyes upon the ground.

A gaudy Peacock, gaily drest,
In vain attempts to move her breast.

Such beauty every bosom warms,
The monarch eagle owns her charms.

She

She could not o'er herself prevail
To bear the touch of any male ;
Tho' they had feathers, bills and wings,
He-creatures were most odious things.

When thus, to ease his anxious breast,
A generous Cock his scorn express'd :
Whate'er the prudish airs conceal,
There's something wrong within, they feel;
When they for harmless freedoms chide,
It's vice or folly meant to hide.

They who to males pretend aversion,
Cast on themselves the worst aspersion.

Well do I know our present queen,
This mighty modest Guiney-Hen,
Is not so coy to filthy fowl,
But doats in secret on an Owl.



FABLE XXXVI.

The DAW and the RAVEN.

TO A PRATEAPACE.

THE wisest prince, (and well he knew
What ladies did, and ought to do)

This useful maxim left behind:

“Fools only utter all their mind.”

If future bliss and heav’nly joys
Consist in nonsense, prate and noise;

I i

You’re

You're safe---if there you must be silent,
Faith, you'll not come within a mile on't.

Each sentence is, by all but dunces,
Twice thought of e'er it spoken once is :
Would ye yourself and others blefs ?
Then think the more, and speak the less.
Virgins, like mysteries, should appear,
Form'd to be gaz'd at, not to hear ;
Either explain'd, or took in pieces,
Our wonder and our worship ceases.

A Raven once, who thought a Daw
The loveliest bird he ever saw ;
With feathers trim'd, and varnish'd out,
He first beheld her at a rout :

Her

Her head, like that of modern belles,
In height full forty inches fwells,
Which drefs'd in taste, with care and pains,
No matter what said head contains.

Ralph was a bird of parts and sense,
Of property and consequence ;
Had por'd, like philosophic sage,
On Plato's and on Tully's page :
With taste refin'd, enjoy'd the wit
That Gay and Pope, and Swift had writ ;
And fought in the connubial state,
A sweet companionable mate ;
For well he knew 'twas only this
Could yield a true and perfect bliss.

Delighted with her shape and air,
He thought Miss Daw a matchless fair ;

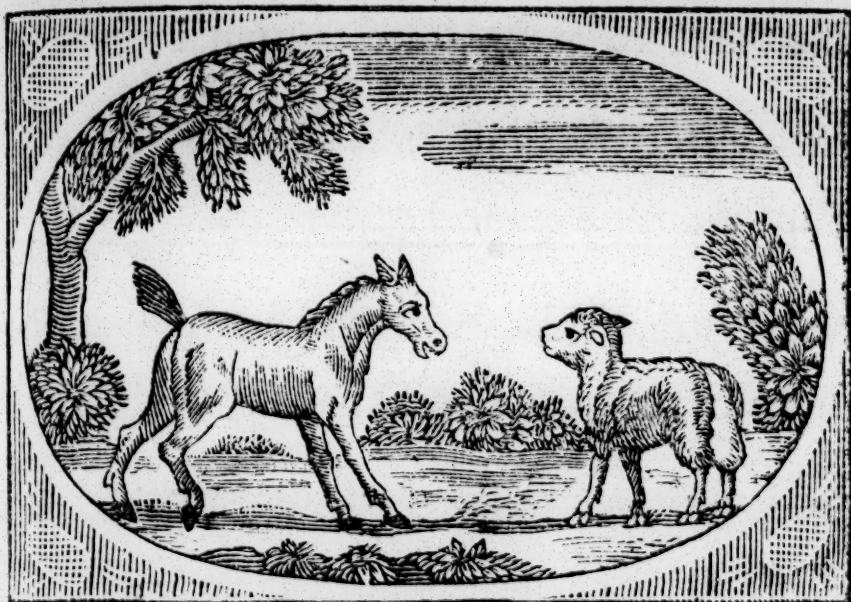
And still esteem'd her wife, as long
As she had wit to hold her tongue.

A thousand birds with envy saw
His partial fondness for the Daw.

While he by merit strove to gain her;
With sense and wit to entertain her;
She, who had little taste for that,
Was list'ning to a Magpie's chat;
Who whisper'd from unmeaning bill,
Such charms! such eyes; so form'd to kill!

La! says the Daw, upon my word,
A Mag's by far the best bred bird,---
Then such a wordy torrent pour'd,
Ralph spread his wings, and off he scour'd.

F A B L E



FABLE XXXVII.

The HORSE and the SHEEP.

TO A FLIRT.

COULD Gatty look, if she were wise,
 On Celia with disdainful eyes ;
 Because she wants the forward air,
 The flippant tongue and shameless stare ?
 You know not that the charming maid
 With modest merit is array'd ;

That

That nature every grace combin'd
To form her person and her mind :
Tho' she from public gaze retr
You set your cap at all you meet.

Trust me, while pressing arts you ply,
Such obvious objects hurt the eye :
Those airs can please yourself alone ;
A Flirt's despis'd as soon as known :
To catch the eye your whole concern,---
But soon to bashful nymphs we turn.

A Horse, of mettle, blood, and speed,
The foremost of the running breed,
Of beauty vain, and highly pamper'd,
Around a heath at pleasure scamper'd :

As many a sportive freak he tried,
A bashful sheep at distance ey'd ;
In wanton gambols up he posted,
And thus the modest dame accosted :

Why is conceal'd from public view
Such beauty and such merit too ;
For such an object of desire,
As soon as seen would all admire :
Then leave this lonely spot, and chase
That pensive thoughtfulness of face.

To take for granted that th' effect
Of this would be at least respect ;
That I, if seen, admir'd should be,
Is mighty civil, sir, says she.

But yet to rove I'm not in haste ;
Let every one consult his taste :

With

With publick walk, if talents fort,
There should be also relish for't :
Can those parade or splendor suit,
Who have no inclination to't ?
The busy tongue would justly say,
Yon sheep has such a bashful way !

Enjoying solitude and thought,
If I have merit, 'twill be sought :
Here all my blisful hours I'd waste,
Serene Retirement suits *my* taste ;
And as to those, whate'er the distance,
Who feel the want of my assistance ;
If they are wise, I need not fear,
They'll search me out and find me *here*.



FABLE XXXVIII.

The SWAN and the DUCK.

TO a SLATTERN.

THE want of neatness must disgrace
The fair, and spoil the prettiest face.

Ah! why so dirty? what's the matter?

Is it from scarcity of water?

See, nature every morning pours

Her dew to cleanse the fairest flowers.

K k

A nasty

A nasty female ! not in nature
Exists a more disgusting creature :
For cleanliness in every view
Is amiable, and frugal too.

When in a night-cap, from your room,
Slip-shod, with unwash'd face you come,
The heaving stomach swells and rises---
That husbands nauseate no surprise is :
No wives can be with pleasure seen,
But those who're always neat and clean.

A Swan, who row'd with decent pride,
Her comfort failing by her side,
Beheld, with thrilling horror struck,
A mallard peck and beat his Duck ;

The Duck, who succor loudly crav'd,
Beneath her snowy plumes she fav'd :
Then mildly ask'd, what crime so great,
Could claim such treatment from her mate ?

Surpriz'd, she hear'd the Duck protest,
That real cause she never guess'd :
E'er long the nuptial state she'd known,
She found her mate indifferent grown ;
Instead of love and due respect,
She met with scorn, or cool neglect :
Disdain was soon to hatred turn'd,
And now his heart with rancor burn'd :
He strives to vex her all he can,
Just like that two-legg'd monster, man.

The Swan her words with wonder fill ;
At length she mark'd her dirty bill,

Her feathers foil'd, th' adhesive mud
Was proof against the cleansing flood :
Then thus replied ; the fault's your own,
That all the tender loves are flown ;
It's neatness only fans the fire,
But dirt extinguishes desire :
That he'll be pleas'd, can you expect,
With charms which you yourself neglect ?
No, when in mire he sees you wallow,
Disgust, contempt, and hate must follow.

FABLE



F A B L E XXXIX.

The TURKEY and the GOOSE.

TO A GOSSIP.

YOU talk, for talking is the fashion ;
Detraction is your favorite passion ;
Yet while your tatt'ling visit's paid,
What baleful envy is display'd !
That stream of malice never ceases,
'Till the fair nymph is pull'd in pieces :

But

But know, when once you think you've
blown her,

Envy recoils, and stings it's owner.

A Wadd'ling Goose, nor wife, nor neat,
Lov'd scandal better than her meat ;
What lies she glean'd would soon be telling,
In every neighbor gossip's dwelling ;
The duck was nasty, swans were proud,
The pigeon's voice by far too loud ;
The turkies did not move with state,
Besides, they hobbled in their gait ;
Their manners coarse, their feathers rough,
But Geese, indeed, genteel enough ;
Pea-hens had such an awkward way---
Of all she'd something ill to say ;

Or

Or true, or false, yet none respecting,
Of all she spoke in terms reflecting.

A Turkey thus the dame address'd ;
'Tis envy swells and gnaws your breast ;
The reason you depreciate these,
And vent your spite on all but Geese,
Is want of merit ; therefore, thus
Unjustly you bespatter us :
In hopes from other's faults to find,
That birds will to your own be blind.

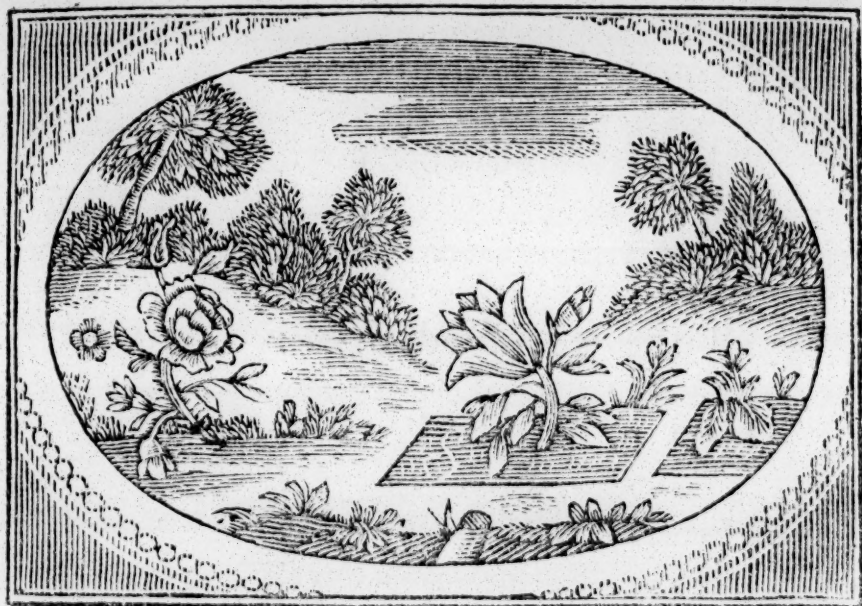
The Goose replied ; my taste is nice,
I freely give the best advice ;
My hints and counsels all neglected,
Their manners still stand uncorrected.

So, says the Turkey, you intend,
That vast design, the world to mend ;

Reform-

Reforming, by such hopeful rules,
As let us know you think us fools :
With slander teaze, with nonsense fetter,
Revile and carp to make us better ?
That folks grow wiser by abuse,
Is maxim worthy of a Goose.

Your heart has long contracted been ;
Superior worth with envy seen,
Excites malignant thoughts, and so
With less'ning tales you tatt'ling go :
But trust me, thus no ease you'll find ;
No comfort feels an envious mind :
In secret all the birds despise---
A Goose was never counted wise.



FABLE XL.

The ROSE and the TULIP.

To a forward LADY.

PETULANT and fond of show,
How you flirt with every beau!

Spread your charms to public view,

Chat away, and ogle too:

But the forward nothing get;

All will shun, if seen, the net:

L 1

Would

Would you taste refined joy,
Bashful be, reserved and coy.
Celia, from the world retired,
Is by all the world admired :
For esteem or praises hope you ?
Her example learn to copy.

ONCE a Tulip, proud and gaudy,
Pranck'd her leaves, and bow'd her body ;
As she turn'd herself, espying
Little Rose, at distance lying ;
Dare you, red-fac'd thing, says she,
Spring and blow so near to me ?
Where's the gard'ner ? let him pick it
From beneath that bushy thicket :

Hence

Hence, such flowers, it is a duty ;
Due to my superior beauty :
Let the rest their leaves be folding,
Every eye my charms beholding ;
Colors every bosom firing,
Foliage all that see admiring.

Thus the blushing Rose rejoined :
I with envy never pined ;
Fair's your form, but why obtrusive ?
Beauties should not be abusive :
Others colors when degrading,
Think how fast your own are fading.

If beneath a bush abiding,
And my head in secret hiding,
Tho' conceal'd from public view,
I may claim some merit too.

From my buds, with prickles fenced,
Fragrant odors are dispensed :
Celia loves I should disclose 'em,
Even in her sweeter bosom ;
When with joy, transported thither,
Overcome, I die and wither ;
Sweets I there receive retaining,
Will for ever be remaining.

You, who only please the eye,
Celia careless passes by :
Soon you perish, soon forgotten ;
Worst of stench when you're rotten.

FABLE



F A B L E XLI.

The LINNET and the GOLDFINCHES.

To a JILT.

SEDUC'D by winning airs and wiles,
 Poor Charles was fetter'd in your toils;
 So much encourag'd, it might seem
 Not he, but that you courted him:
 How vanish'd all his blisful scenes!
 To teize, you now try every means;

Because

Because to teize is in your power---
So tygers weaker beasts devour.
Of all the minds in folly nurs'd,
Or stain'd by vice, a jilt's is worst.

A Goldfinch long had courted one
He dearly lov'd, and lov'd alone:
She listens to his tender sighs,
Hears his proposals, and complies:
And now delighted with his lot,
The pangs he suffer'd all forgot;
The tort'ring fears, the anxious cares,
And thrilling doubts a lover bears:
In extasy his mind employs,
On prospect of transporting joys.

When

When once she found his heart secure,
She rul'd him with despotic power :
That power, to yield the highest pleasure,
Perverts to vexing without measure ;
Some doubtful hints begins to drop,
And flirts with every feather'd fop :
Well pleas'd, she saw her conduct stung
His heart, with sore vexation wrung ;
So lost to thought, so weak and vain,
She frets him, and enjoys his pain.

A Linnet, friend to both, survey'd
With pity, all the tricks she play'd ;
Then thus th' incautious jilt address'd :---
You know your power to move his breast :
Wise nymphs their lovers never teize,
Nor use their power, unless to please :

For

For can behaviour fuch as this
Eftablifh fure and lafting blifs?
If you intend to be his prize,
Shew all your wifhes in your eyes;
Or if resolv'd his fuit to wave,
At once from pain and torment fave:
With dire fufpenfe to vex a heart,
Is a vile meretricious art;
Such pride and folly plainly fhew,
A jilt's the worft of things below;
Who, hated and despis'd, reveals
She's dead to all another feels.

The Goldfinch hear'd; her folly mourn'd,
And kindly love for love return'd.



FABLE XLII.

The PHOENIX.

TO a NOVICIATE.

THE sweetest bard that ever sung,
 Thus swept the lyre, by Phoebus
 strung :

“ 'Tis the Arabian bird alone

“ Lives chaste, because there is but one ;

M m

“ But

“ But had kind nature made them two,

“ They would like doves and sparrows do.”

Awful religion to a frail

Fond maid could ne'er propose the veil ;

If true and just, 'twas ne'er design'd

To spoil the form, or clog the mind ;

With flobber'd prayers the soul to cloy,

To count the beads, and banish joy :

Then quit the nun's fantastic lore,

And on a convent dream no more ;

Let beauties move in their own sphere,

Create a heaven and fix it *here*.

A Phoenix, just before the fire

Had seiz'd his own funereal pyre ;

In penfive ſtate, ſurvey'd his tomb,
Of ſuch another bird the womb :
And would to heav'n, ſays he, when dead,
My aſhes to the winds were ſpread,
No future Phoenix thence to riſe,
And glare like comet thro' the ſkies !

Oh nature ! gracious, kind and mild,
Why did'ſt thou form one thankleſs child ?
All others ſo benignly nurs'd,
Me only with exiſtence curs'd :
Five hundred horrid years I've waſted,
No ſweet connexions ever taſted ;
In dreary ſolitude forlorn,
Object of pity, hate, or ſcorn ;
With envy every creature viewing,
No uſeful ſcheme of life purſuing ;

No service have to others done,
Condemn'd to rove and live alone :
A life so long, so wretched past---
Of all such lives be mine the last ;
And kindly every thing destroy,
Unfit for love, or social joy.

Concern'd, the goddess Nature hear'd
Petition, with such warmth prefer'd ;
And, after weighing well the case,
Extirpated the useless race :
Since which, no creature e'er was known,
Form'd for itself, to live alone.



F A B L E XLIII.

The HEN and the OWL.

To a careless LADY.

HOW well 'twould be for every wife,
By care, to shun the ills of life !

On want of care what mischief grows,

And from neglect perdition flows ;

Trifles are serious when they strike

The first approaches of dislike :

Then

Then cautious, trivial things avoid,
By which so oft esteem's destroy'd.

AN Owl, awaking from her rest,
Dan. Phoebus welking in the west,
(Like modern dames, who leave their bed,
With many a yawn and rumped head) ;
As tho' she'd long on cards been poring,
Slow 'rose and left her mate a snoring.

As looking round the barn, she saw
Dame Partlet rust'ling in the straw,
Who fittest place to gain had try'd,
And nestled by her consort's side.

With envy Madge the Hen beheld,
Her heart with self-importance swell'd ;

Then

Then thus in solemn tone exprefs'd,
The thoughts conflicting in her breast:
That Cock's the strangest thing in nature;
Fine bird! yet fond of fuch a creature;
For fure 'tis a moft piteous cafe
To doat on an unmeaning face.
I, who have judgment, tafte and fenfe,
A Sheridan in eloquence;
The learning every month perufe
In magazines and fage reviews;
So wife---have yet to learn that art
To charm and fix a husband's heart.

The Hen with meeknefs made reply:
That art is,---always to comply:
Whene'er mine's vex'd, I ftrive to eafe him,
In every trifle try to pleafe him;

I fhew

I shew delight in all his ways,
Whate'er he does, whate'er he says;
And every trivial hint employ
To sooth his mind, or raise his joy.

I boast not sense; your wisdom's such,
You do too little, think too much:
She that would bless, be careful must;
A small neglect may breed disgust.

Present a constant pleasing scene,
Preserve yourself and younglings clean;
To please, by kind indulgence strive,
And always to be pleas'd contrive.
It's thus by plain good sense I learn'd,
What your vast wisdom ne'er discern'd;
For none but Owls the means despise,
From whence such mutual joys arise.



FABLE XLIV.

The LAMB and the COLT.

TO CELIA.

YES, Celia, all thy beauties must
 Resolve and moulder into dust ;
 Ev'n on that heav'nly face, one day
 Will nauseous worms most sweetly prey :
 That bosom, breathing such perfume,
 Shall loose it's sweetness in the tomb.

N

The

The loveliest form, the wisest head,
Descend and mingle with the dead :
For yielded to by all must be
The stern law of necessity ;
And those are wisest who to *it*
With least reluctance can submit :
For all must feel, in every state,
The impulse of resistless fate.

IN Aesop's days, when horses knew
Far better things than Yahoos do ;
Nor won by smiles, nor aw'd by frowns,
A Colt was ranging o'er the downs :
A Lamb, who near him chanc'd to pass,
As step by step, he browz'd the grass,

Accosted

Accosted thus : it's strange to me
Who such superior merit see,
That all your strength and courage can
Yield to that two-leg'd creature, man ;
To such an animal submitted,
To be by him bestrode and bitted ;
This I with indignation view :
Had nature made me strong as you,
Not all their powers should ever---holt !
Replied the generous, thinking Colt :
 You never learn'd, or have forgot,
That fix'd is every creature's lot ;
Irrevocable fate's decree,
Has stamp'd the doom of you and me :
In vain we strive with nature's plan ;
'Tis mine to yield to lordly man :

'Tis your's to cloathe his infant race,
Or by your death his hunger chafe :
Ev'n man, from whom such ills we feel,
Was form'd to give the worms a meal.

Then chearful, every hour employ,
Evils to shun and heighten joy ;
Resign'd, in calm contented state,
Repine not, but submit to fate.

The Lamb a just conclusion draws,
From what he spoke of nature's laws ;
In silent meekness yields her life,
And smiles beneath the butcher's knife.



FABLE XLV.

The LION and other BEASTS.

TO a PREMIER.

THE guilty heart finds no repose,
But starts with every wind that blows;
For conscience rubs the smarting fore;
If little's said, suspects the more:
Within the self-conviction lies
Trembling, and distant hints applies.

It's

It's true that some with satisfaction,
Employ their talents in detraction :
These hell-born pests, with vile abuse,
Will the most amiable traduce,
But strive in vain a brand to fix ;
Tho' dirt they spatter, nothing sticks :
With those involv'd in virtue round,
Nor guilt alarms, nor fears are found.

But if at court you mention bribe,
You must affront the venal tribe ;
Before a judge of justice treat,
His lordship wriggles in his seat ;
Or talk of cunning, fraud, or lies,
The brist'ling lawyer chaf'd, replies.
To drop a hint of a disease
Protracted, for the sake of fees,

Or

Or drugs prescrib'd, with view to fill
Th' apothecary's endless bill ;
Or murders done---in what a pet
You'll see the doctor fume and fret.
Say some neglect to read their bible,
The parsons storm and claim the libel.
Thus vice and folly will be shown ;
Fools, twirl the cap, and put it on.
“ With friendly hand I hold the glass,
“ To all promiscuous as they pass :”
My birds may peck, my beasts may bite ;
If felt, the satyr must be right :
Let all the selfish, proud, or vain
Behold their image in my strain :
While in the mirror may be view'd
The pert coquet, the jilt, the prude ;

The

The flirt, the gossip, and the flattern
May see, detest, and shun their pattern :
No vice the moral muse can spare ;
Apply the Fables, you who dare.

A Lion, monarch of the wood,
Whose cringing train around him stood,
Gave audience for redress of wrongs,
To silence all seditious tongues.

The premier Jackal loud inveigh'd
Against some scandals lately spread :
A satyrift, in wanton sport,
Had lash'd and libel'd all the court :
How fordid are the ruler's breasts,
Where honesty nor honor rests ;

Vicious

Vicious and fool, how wretched he!--

This, please your highness, must be me.

The dapper Monkey now complains,
That he was sneer'd at in those strains ;
For beasts there were, 'twas said, so brisk,
They'd chatter, grin, curvet and frisk :---
A groundless charge, for, tho' no sin,
Monkeys were never known to grin.

Just then the growling Wolf arose ;
He knew he'd many causeless foes ;
The libeller might justly say,
That there were various beasts of prey ;
But why of savageness the hint ?
Unless he meant at Wolves to squint ;
Mischief so rarely known to do,---
He'd only kill'd a man or two.

The wily Fox was much perplex'd,
Whom nothing more than slander vex'd ;
So honest, open, frank and free,
None had a better heart than he :
By subtle arts and double tongue---
The satyrist did him grievous wrong.

The Spaniel bow'd, and, crouching low,
Presum'd he might resentment show ;
He fetch and carry, fawn or rob,
Or fit for any dirty job----
One of such worth and virtue tried,
He swore the slanderer foully lied.

The grunting Hog, with deep concern,
Observ'd he malice could discern ;
He lov'd not dirt, nor could deserve
Some even let their offspring starve---

Such

Such aim at him could ne'er be made;
But sure such things were best un-said.

The grave and solemn Afs pofefs'd,
That, born a wag, he lik'd a jest;
By awful eye and pucker'd brows---
The fatyrift his own ignorance shows:
For whosoe'er beheld his face,
Would find it void of all grimace.

Justly, fays Bear, you make this rout;
Scandal has also found me out:
Monkies may grin, and Wolves may kill,
Fox wear two faces, if he will;
Spaniels may fawn, and fetch, and carry,
Nor Hog to rear his young-ones tarry;
An Afs be grave to some folks view;
All these things may be partly true:

But who can this asperſion brook ?
Some beaſts in trees for honey look ;
They climb the boughs, they rend the trees,
They ſuck the combs and ſtarve the bees---
Is there a reader would not ſwear
That curſed poet paints a Bear ?

The tawny ſovereign, with diſdain,
Liſten'd, and ſhook his brindled mane :
Full of yourſelves, ye fools, he cries,
You own the facts you'd fain diſguiſe ;
Your boſoms calm, your conſcience ſtill,
Poets might write and rail their fill :
Such things you to yourſelves aſcribe,
Be cauſe a ſelf-convicted tribe.

F A B L E



FABLE XLVI.

The MONKEY.

To a COXCOMB.

WOE to the man, however wise,
That can his fellow men despise;
Who forms his plan by selfish rules,
And hates, instead of pitying fools.
At times---in some things---is there one
Who never was a Coxcomb? None:

Search

Search your own breast, are follies there?
Then other's follies learn to spare:
For self-importance only rules
The hearts of Monkeys and of fools.

A Monkey once was chattering loud,
And thus harangu'd the Monkey crowd:
With scorn I look on every plan,
Form'd by that thinking creature, man;
Conversant with that race so long,
I still observ'd they reason'd wrong.

I've hear'd, (how strange!) a grave divine
Attempt their morals to refine;
To mend their hearts perplex his brain,
Instead of making mysteries plain.

The

The lawyer, what no lawyer shou'd,
Seek not his own, but client's good.

The doctor teize his patient's quiet,
With temperance, exercise, and diet ;
Watch nature's course with purpose steady ;
Whereas the lancet's always ready :
Were I consulted, when they fee'd 'em,
Whate'er the case, they first should bleed 'em,
Bleed 'em again---they'd die, depend on't ;
Then let them die, and there's an end on't.

The merchant beats the same dull road
In which his predecessors trod :
I oft advis'd them to pursue
Odd paths, and strike out something new ;
To serve a foe (and then he thrives)
With tomohawks and scalping knives :

But

But my good counfel never taking,
What numbers fee we daily breaking !

Just then a youth prepar'd to swim,
Plung'd headlong in the limpid stream ;
The dimp'ling waves from side to side
By turns his pushing lips divide.

The Monkey grin'd, and chatter'd thus :
Would men be wise, they'd learn of us :
How low he sinks ! From me he may
Perfection in that art survey.

He mounts the bank, and takes a leap,
The tide was strong, the water deep ;
He falls, he sinks to rise no more,
And peals of laughter shook the shore.

F A B L E



F A B L E XLVII.

The CUCKOO and the CROW.

To a FOP.

A CUCKOO once, as Cuckoos use,
 Went out upon a winter's cruize;
 Return'd with the returning spring:
 The birds about him form'd a ring;
 As fluttering from his foreign flight
 They saw him formally alight,

P p

With

With pride elate, with travel stiff,
Upon the top of Dover cliff.

They bid him welcome 'cross the main
T'old England safe return'd again.

When eyeing scornfully the strand,
Old England !---yes, the land's a land :

But, rot me, gentlemen, says he,

We passage-fowls that cross the sea,

Have vast advantage over you,

That keep your native shores in view.

The season past, I took a jaunt

Among the isles of the Levant ;

Where, by the way, I stuff'd my guts

With almonds and pistachio nuts :

Then 'twas my chance some weeks to be

In that choice garden, Italy :

But

But underneath the sky's expanse,
No climate like the South of France !
You've often hear'd, I dare to swear,
How plenty ortolans are there ;
It's true ; and more delicious meat,
Upon my soul, I never eat :
Their eggs are good ; it was ill luck
The day I had not ten to suck :
Yet notwithstanding, to my gout
The bird's the sweeter of the two.

Thus prating, malapert and loud,
A dry old Crow among the crowd
Stopp'd short his insolent career,
With---what a chattering pie is here ?
You travell'd, Sir, I speak to you,
Who've pass'd so many countries thro' ;

Say to what purpose is't you roam,
And what improvements bring you home?
Has Italy, on which you doat,
Chang'd your monotony of note?
Or France, that boasts so fair a sky,
Taught you less clumsily to fly?

I cannot see that both together
Have alter'd you a single feather;
Then tell us not of where you've been,
Of what you've done, or what you've seen;
For you, and all your ramb'ling pack,
Go Cuckoos out, come Cuckoos back.

FABLE



FABLE XLVIII.

The MAN, the VIPER and the FOX.

To my native COUNTRY.

Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas.

LONDON! the greatest mart on earth,
 . To whom the wisest owe their birth;
 Thy sons all other names excel
 In thinking and in acting well.

With

Say to what purpose is't you roam,
And what improvements bring you home?
Has Italy, on which you doat,
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With

With those where virtues most abound
Characteristic vice is found,
Which will the noblest minds enthrall,
Peculiar more or less to all.

You to the French impute conceit,
To Spaniards pride, to Scots deceit ;
The German's dull, the Dutch are rude ;---
Your own great crime's ingratitude :
This is your reigning vice, or why
Doth merit still neglected lie ?
You to the learned all things owe ;
From him your arts and commerce flow :
You feel th' effects of all his pain,
Enjoy the fruits, and slight the man.
Thread-bare physicians walk the street,
And shameless quacks in chariots meet.

Ev'n

Ev'n those to whom you're most oblig'd,
Are with ungrateful taunts besieg'd :
This charge the muse with horror brings,
Ungrateful to the best of kings,
To him who guards your liberty,
Spite of yourselves, and keeps you free.

Ingratitude for vengeance calls ;
None pity when th' ungrateful falls.

NOT far from London, fam'd Norwood,
Is covert for a numerous brood ;
There vagrants hide, and many a gipsy
Lies, pilfers, riots, and gets tipsy.
Some of these wife and husband-sellers,
A jolly troop of fortune-tellers,

Beneath

Beneath a tree had boil'd a pot,
The sky was clear, the day was hot ;
Borne by the wind, which briskly blew,
Some sparks into a thicket flew ;
A bush took fire, the flames surround
A Viper sleeping on the ground :
He wakes, is scorch'd ; of death afraid,
In mournful accents begs for aid.

A veteran foldier passing by
Was list'ning to his piteous cry :
The Man had serv'd in various wars,
Was paid with poverty and scars :
Compassion all the brave possess,
They'll help a foe when in distress.
Fast to his stick he ties a bag,
The Viper thro' the flames to drag,

Who

Who creeping in as swift as thought,
Was safely from destruction brought.
By me thus sav'd, says he, again
Never attempt to injure men.

The Viper rescued from his fright,
Coils round his leg---prepares to bite.

Is this the just return you can
Propose, base monster, says the Man ?

Troth, cries the Viper, 'tis no more
Than what your country did before :
Ask whom you will, you'll find it true,
It's what you English always do :
For this all creatures own united,
Good turns with you by ill's requited.

One moment hold, the Man replies,
Yon cow shall prove your doctrines lies :

It's man she serves, with care they tend her,
House, feed, and from all ills defend her.

If, says the Viper, you can find
One creature of a different mind,
I'll freely give my cause for lost,
But will 'till then maintain my post.

The cow, acquainted with the case,
Said, men were a most wicked race ;
That she her master had supplied
With butter, cheese, and milk beside ;
Tho' every year a calf she brought him,
Yet an ungrateful monster thought him ;
For in his service, now grown old,
Last night was to a butcher fold :
Without remorse, he gives him power
My throat to cut, and flesh devour.

Abash'd,

Abash'd, the Man a ram address'd,
Who man's ingratitude confess'd :
By us he's cloath'd ; he feasts on lambs,
Torn from the bosom of their dams :
In vain they bleat, in vain they weep,
He clips the wool and kills the sheep.

A Walnut-tree accosted, said,
I stretch my arms and yield him shade ;
His smell with fragrant odors suit,
And treat him with delicious fruit ;
For this my trunk he saws around,
Split into planks, I load the ground.

Sure 'tis enough the viper cried,
Your cause is lost wherever tried ;
Our time we loose, you waste your breath,
So now prepare for instant death.

Just then a Fox the Man beheld :
One favor more, and then I'll yield ;
For Reynard shall decide, says he,
The contest between you and me.

The Fox at first appearing loth,
At length attends the tale of both.

The Viper pleaded he pursued
Man's pattern by ingratitude.

The Fox replied, you're surely right,
For good with evil men requite :
But what's this service you pretend
To've done the Viper, honest friend ?

The Man, encourag'd, tells his story ;
Sir Fox, I'll lay the whole before you.
By chance, as thro' the wood I came,
That bush now burn'd was all in flame ;

The

The Viper in the midst was lying,
For help immediate loudly crying :
This bag I fasten'd to my staff,
And o'er the fire I reach'd him safe.

Try not, says Reynard, to deceive,
Or tell me things I can't believe :
The Viper's bulk, to me it's plain,
That bag's too little to contain.

When both averr'd 'twas so, he cries
I doubt the fact, but trust my eyes ;
I must behold him in, or spare
My judgment 'till I see him there.

The Viper, to convince him then,
Soon crept into the bag again,

Now,

Now, says the Fox, your foe's secure,
Tie the bag's mouth, make vengeance sure;
To end dispute, with yonder stones
Pound all his flesh and mash his bones.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

YE fair! the bard some leisure hours
Thus spent, in hopes to sweeten your's:

In sportive strains his moral muse

The loveliness of virtue shews;

How vice in every scene of life

Degrades the virgin and the wife:

That she who trivial faults neglects

To mend, will feel their dire effects.

You'll find, if you his lays attend,

That wisdom is your truest friend:

That follies bitter woes impart;

They warp the mind and spoil the heart.

For want of sense, what trifles vex

And wreck the peace of half your sex!

Then learn your tender breasts to store

With virtue's and with wisdom's lore.

Thus

^a Thus, if in calm content you'd live,
 You've all the joys this world can give :
 In vain you wish, in vain you fly,
 To grasp each painted butterfly.

^b You for domestic comforts born,
 The foolish Ostrich justly scorn.

^c Truths may your troubled hearts assuage,
 Which wisdom's goddess taught the sage ;
 That if you would be blest below,
 'Tis your own heart must make you so :
 The highest pleasures here you'll find
 Spring from their source within the mind.

^d Those nymphs no wily flatterers cheat,
 Who're void of pride and self conceit.

^e Coquettes let giddy Partlet teach,
 Content with bliss within their reach.

^f Like Badgers, each affected fool
 Just object is of ridicule.

^a Fable II. ^b F. III. ^c F. IV. ^d F. V. ^e F. VII.
^f F. VIII.

^g Be cautious, when a grave grimace
Composes a mysterious face ;
For all but Geese the grave despise,
And geese were ne'er reputed wise.

^h Think not that beauty moves the breast,
If sentiment is not express'd.

We view th' unanimated shell,
And painted dolls look just as well.
By beauty none are long confin'd,
But fix'd by sense and charms of mind.

ⁱ Be every joyful moment seiz'd,
Always in humor to be pleas'd ;
To which the choicest pleasure join,
Dealing to others joys like thine.

^k Yet, never off your guard, beware
Of baits that catch the heedless fair.

^l By caution only, safest guide,
Want of experience is supply'd.

^g Fable XI. ^h F. XIII. ⁱ F. XV. ^k F. XVI. ^l F. XVII.

R r

If

^m If Owls a fond ambition rules,
Know, vanity's the food of fools.

ⁿ Let mild religion's awful mien
Attract your heart and sway within.

^o When scenes of fore distress are nigh,
Drop the soft tear, or heave a sigh :
For pity (loveliest of it's kind)
Is strongest in the noblest mind.

^p If love of wealth possess your heart,
All love besides and joys depart.
The Partridge mourn'd her dreadful case,
In yielding to a loath'd embrace.

^q The prudent matron hates to roam ;
Her joys are all confin'd to home :
For all her pleasure, all her care
Is fix'd at home, and center'd there.

^r The tender mother must approve
The feelings of maternal love ;

^m Fable XVIII. ⁿ F. XX. ^o F. XXI. ^p F. XXIV.
^q F. XXV. ^r F. XXVII.

Tho'

Tho' hopes, fears, pleasures, sorrows felt
At once her anxious bosom melt.

^s No selfish thoughts indulge to roll :
They stain the mind and cramp the soul.

^t When trifling with the man you like,
Call to your mind the Dainty Pike.

^u Or if to solemn prudery leaning,
The Guiney Hen unfolds your meaning.

^x Would you avoid the numerous wrongs
Proceeding from intemperate tongues,
Be seen with joy, be hear'd with awe ;
Think often on the chattering Daw.

^y With flippant tongue, or flirting airs,
The nymph no real merit shares,
Which modest, fond of solitude,
Shuns the coquet as well as prude.

^z No wife can be with pleasure seen
But she who's always neat and clean.

^s Fable XXIX. ^t F. XXXIV. ^u F. XXXV. ^x F. XXXVI.
^y F. XXXVII. ^z F. XXXVIII.

The Swan may fan her partner's fire,
But Ducks extinguish all desire.

^a Her aim foul envy ever misses :
How you despise the Goose that hisses !

^b The maid no ornament can find,
Like bashfulness to grace her mind ;
From this the softest pleasure flows :
Behold it in the blushing Rose !

^c Unfeeling Jilts, in every state,
Are objects of contempt and hate.

^d By nature form'd for social bliss,
That end be careful not to miss :
Wretched and useless is the life
Of her who will not be a wife :
For, like the Phoenix, nothing's known,
Made for itself, to live alone.

^a Fable XXXIX. ^b F. XL. ^c F. XLI. ^d F. XLII.

When enter'd in the nuptial state,
What evils trifles oft create!
Then seeming trivial things avoid;
By which esteem and love's destroy'd.
Neglectful Owls of bliss despair,
Which wives may loose for want of care.

With Celia, loveliest of her sex,
Let not fixt fate your minds perplex;
In every state, the stern decree
Submit to of necessity:
In vain you struggle, or complain,
Torment your hearts and mourn in vain:
Then chearful, innocent and gay,
Pass all your time in virtue's way;
For then no anxious care enthralls,
Sure to be pleas'd whate'er befalls.

e Fable XLIII.

f F. XLIV.

So sportive Lambkins spend their life,
And smile at last beneath the knife.

'Tis thus your bard in sportive lays,
The most important truths conveys ;
And would, by fancy's playful arts,
Enrich your minds and form your hearts.
The danger shewn, let nought entice
To tread the flowery paths of vice :
The first approaches firm resist ;
For once the road of virtue miss'd,
You're surely lost, undone for ever :
But may we not regain it? Never.
The angels once from virtue fell,
And found their home in endless hell :
For, as like angels to our view,
You seem, in *this* you're like them too.

A pa-

A patient ear attentive lend
To the last counsel of a friend ;
Those brilliant eyes which now peruse
These lines, must soon their lustre loose :
Life's transient scenes are quickly past,
But virtue will for ever last :
Reflexions on a life well spent
Make the heart chearful and content ;
Then strive your knowledge to increase,
And virtue, all whose paths are peace ;
Compose your minds in balmy ease,
Be always pleas'd, and try to please :
Let nothing ruffle, vex, or move
Your breast ; no passion sway but love.

The heart that now these strains indites
With friendly warmth, the hand that writes

Must

Must cease to move, and soon become
The food of reptiles in the tomb :
Yet when against my dauntless breast
The viper foe shall rear his crest,
Then to have strove will cheer my heart,
T' adorn creation's noblest part ;
By pleasing tales, to've let them know
Virtue's the only good below.

THE END.

